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THANATOPHOBIA AND IMMORTALITY

By G. STANLEY HALL

The psychology of death has very much in common with that of love, especially from the new genetic and psychoanalytic viewpoint. Each has an unenviagable fact at its core as a point of departure, the one a putrefying corpse, the sight of which started Buddha on his career, the other the sex act; the one the most horrid, the other the most ecstatic of all human experiences. The inutterable psychalgia of the one and the shame and modesty that veil the other have in both cases made and used the same mechanisms, such as fetishisms, diversion, repression, over-determination, sublimation, etc., and by their action from each of these cores have evolved the most manifold and elaborated superstructures that have played a tremendous rôle in human culture. There is a sense in which all fears and phobias are at bottom fears of death or of the abatement or arrest of vitality, and also a sense in which all desires and wishes are for the gratification of love. The one is the great negation, and the other the supreme affirmation of the will to live. Orientation toward these two poles of experience is not innate in the sense of being finished and operative at first but is quite gradually acquired. The real meaning of death is not understood until puberty but both death and love show fragmentary and generally at first automatic outcrops from early infancy on. Freudians have shown how love has its artistic expressions in the forms of infantile reflexes, almost from the first, and we will first attempt to point out how far analogous prreprsentations occur in children with respect to death. Fear of death is only the obverse of the love of life and together they constitute the struggle to survive.

The development of the fear of death or *thanatophobia* in *children* is a striking case of recapitulation. The infant, like the animal, neither knows nor dreads death. The death-feigning instinct in animals is only cataplexy, and the horror of blood that some herbivora feel is not related to death.

From Scott's¹ 226 cases and my own² 299 returns to questionnaires, it appears that the first impression of death often comes from a sensation of coldness in touching the face or hands of the corpse of a relative, and the reaction is a nervous start at the contrast with the warmth which cuddling and hugging were wont to bring. The child's exquisite temperature sense feels a chill where it formerly found heat. Then comes the *immobility* of face and body, where it used to find prompt movements of response. There is no answering kiss, hug, pat or smile. In this respect sleep seems strange but its brother, death, is still more strange. Often the half-opened eyes are noticed with awe. The pallor, shroud, and especially coffin are often focussed on fetishistically, the latter being a strange bed. The friends are silent and tearful, and the infant who has been permitted such scenes often turns away, perhaps almost convulsively, to whomever holds it, as if in fright. The crying, however, seems more reflex than ideational. Older children of from two to five also are very prone to fixate the accessories of death, often remembering the corpse but nothing else of a dead member of their family. But our data suggest that funerals and burials are even more vividly and often remembered. Sometimes these scenes are the very earliest recollections of adults. The memory-pictures of these happenings may be preserved while their meaning and their mood have completely vanished, and but for the testimony of their elders children would not recall later who was the center of it all. Henceforth the dead is simply an absentee, and curious questions are asked as to where the departed has gone, when will he return, why cannot the child go to or with him. The infantile mind often makes strange mixtures of its own naïve constructions and adult answers. The distinction between psyche and soma, of which death is often the first teacher, is hard for the realistic minds of children to make. Told that Papa or Mamma rest or sleep in the ground, they ask why there, where it is so cold and dark, why they do not wake, what they eat, and who feeds them, impulsions that primitive burial customs often elaborately answer by preparing bodies for re-animation, leaving food,

¹ Am. Jour. of Psy., v. 8, p. 67 *et seq.*

² Study of Fears, Am. Jour. of Psy., v. 8, pp. 147-249. See also Street, A Genetic Study of Immortality, Ped. Sem., v. 6, pp. 167-213. I am also indebted to two yet unpublished doctors' theses by my students, W. T. Sanger: A Study of Senescence, and R. S. Ellis: The Attitude Toward Death and Types of Belief in Immortality. Both 1915.

and utensils, with the corpse, etc. When told of Heaven above children have strange crass fancies, perhaps that the body is shot up to Heaven, the grave dug open by angels, or the body passed down through the earth and then around up; the body generally gets out of the grave and goes up to Heaven by night, etc. As the idea of soul begins to be grasped, it is conceived as a tenuous replica of the body hovering about, sometimes seen, though rarely felt. It may be talked to or fancied as present though unseen. Children's dreams of the dead are vivid but rarely dreadful. In general the child thinks little or nothing but good of the dead, and the processes of idealization, aided by relatives, may almost reach the pitch of canonization. The memory of a dead parent barely recalled may become a power shaping the entire subsequent life of sentiment, as if all the instincts of ancestor worship could focus on an individual parent. Some adults maintain quiet sacred hours of ideal communion in thought with their departed loved ones, and their yearnings make a favorable soil for the ghost cult of spiritism. This component of our very complex attitude to dead friends is also the stratum which crops out in the holy communion sacrament of the ghost-dances of our American Indians, in which the souls of all the great dead of the tribe are supposed to come back and commune with their living descendants. Just in proportion as the dead are loved does death work its charm of sublimation and idealization, and just as a child of either sex has loved the parent of the other sex, will he or she idealize a chosen mate snatched away by death. Thus, too, one factor in the belief in immortality is love, that must conserve its object though deceased, this factor being quite distinct from the transcendental selfishness that would conserve one's own ego.

On the other hand, young children often seem rather to rejoice at than to fear death. The excitement of all its ceremonies is intensely impressive and new. Some children naively express the wish, after a funeral is over, that someone else would die. They play funeral, striving with each other who should assume the central rôle of the corpse, which they feign well. One four-year old tried to kill a younger mate and several abnormal children have actually done so, in order to enjoy again the excitement of the death, funeral and burial. A sweet young girl was found dancing on the fresh grave of her baby sister, chanting, "I am so glad she is dead and I am alive," suggesting, not the ancient days of famine when every death left more food for those who sur-

vived, so much as jealousy at the diversion of parental attention and care to the younger child. Neurotic children often play with unusual abandon, as if to compensate for the depression, when they have just left the room where parents, brothers or sisters have breathed their last. Small boys who lose their fathers say, "Now I will milk, cut wood, bring up coal" and sometimes they put on the father's hat or shoes, and in many ways assume his rôle, while little girls whose mothers die become more tender to their fathers and the other children, feeling themselves in some degree the surrogate of the mother. Just as children of tender age far more often fear the death of others they love than they do their own, so they vastly more often wish the death of others they hate than they feel any suicidal impulses. The death-wish, once clearly felt and realized in consciousness may, in neuropathic children, set up a prolonged and morbid corrective process to strangle it, and psychoanalysis has given us many cases where over-tenderness to a parent or relative, so insistent as to become troublesome was motivated by the impulse to atone for a vivid wish of death, which the child may have made toward the object of its anger. Only relatively late is the death-wish generally directed towards enemies and the ambivalent life-wish reserved for friends. Even in the most highly evolved emotional lives this is only a question of preponderance, for if our analysis is not mistaken, there never was a death, even of a lover, that did not bring some joy to the survivor, swallowed up though this component be in grief. Were this not so, comforters and consolations would be no resources. We strive to think our dear ones are happier and more at peace, console ourselves first with precious memories, and then ascribe superior powers of transcendental enjoyment to the dead. Conversely, no savage ever killed the bitterest foe of his tribe without elements of pity and efforts to atone to the soul of the victim or his friends by saying propitiatory words or performing placatory rites. Even Hell and devils never kill the soul and there are spots and spells of remission of torment so that surcease and nepenthe are not unknown even in the inferno.

When children are realizing at the most rapid rate what adulthood means, they often have very serious struggles with a more or less intermittent but at times overpowering sense of their own *Minderwertigkeit*, insufficiency, or incompleteness, in the sense of Janet and Adler. Tolstoi has given us a vivid characterization of this impulse in a record of his own boyhood. His tutor flogged him, and he reacted as the

only way in which he could "get even" by not merely the thought of suicide but the vivid imagination, well set in scene, of himself dead and his father dragging the terrified tutor before the beautiful corpse and accusing him of having been his murderer, while the friends around bemoaned him as so brilliant yet so tragically driven to death.

Nevertheless the love of life is in general strongest during these early pubescent years, and the death thought is chiefly a characteristic and flitting ambivalence or ebb in the flood tide of the will to live, for never is the momentum to be, do, know, feel everything possible, to maximize the ego, to obtain a pleroma of life and to touch it at every point, quite so great as during these years. Now life is, as Plato says, fastest. The will to live is extremely sensitive to external conditions, fluctuating with them. If we follow the Freudians here we can say that even adults in the prime of life are prone to let down their precautions against the commonest dangers when they meet any kind of adversity. The loss of a dollar, a sore finger, or the illness of a friend, we are told, makes us more liable to be run over by an auto or to let down our ordinary hygienic precautions, whereas the more life contains for us the more ideal our regimen. The case of the artist Segantini is in point. He worked with prodigious enthusiasm to attain his ends, finally lived alone in a hut on the Alps to catch their spirit on his canvas, but after being criticized he threw all precautions to the winds and went out recklessly in the night to commune with his muse, dying as a result.³ In general as we advance in life the death fear becomes less acute and especially less spasmodic, and in the dying, on whom there is now quite a little literature, there is very rarely dread. In Osler's study of five hundred death scenes, he found most tranquil, and as the dermal senses became obtuse and pain ceased, the eye and ear were often very acute so that the last moments were in the closest kind of rapport with the environment. Often the last thought as the soul launches out to cross the bar is for others. There is often a tenacious clinging in thought or perhaps physically to a friend, and there is very rarely and almost never any concern for the individual's future, so that such death-bed scenes as the clergy used to paint a few generations ago do not occur. Thus death is very hard to conceive and interpretations of what it really means and is differ in every age and race, if not in every individual and almost at every moment of

³ Giovanni Segantini, von Karl Abraham, Leipzig, 1911, p. 65.

life. Death is primarily negative, privative, and, as nature abhors a vacuum, so the soul balks at the very idea of annihilation. Studies of senescence like Humphry's (Old Age, 1889, pp. 218) and Saundby's (Old Age, 1913, pp. 312) suggest, though they do not plainly teach, that those who have completely lived out every phase and stage of life to its uttermost and well on into the postcentenary stage without becoming senile or falling into dotage, begin to feel the ebb of the tide of the will to live, as if a counter-will to die was beginning to take its place. Thus if we do not feel cut off prematurely, with powers still undeveloped or capacities of enjoyment unused, we shall long for relief from life's fitful fever and fly to death as a welcome goal, a longed-for consummation. Stekel has most strongly urged that at bottom all fears if analyzed, are fears of death. The king of terrors may represent the supreme fear, and all ills and pains of all kinds and degrees may be interpreted as fears of partial death, because they abate vitality or check the momentum of the evolutionary struggle to survive that expresses itself in man's supreme desire for more and longer and larger life. But young children, as Ferrero⁴ showed, like animals, never fear death *per se*, but only pain. Recent studies⁵ of children's suicides show that although they begin at the very dawn of school age, they are augmented by all repressions of their natural interests and instincts. Only at puberty or after, when the life of the race begins to dominate that of the individual, do children commence to comprehend what death really means, and even then, as the 58 suicides of German school children per year from 1883 to 1905 show, many if not most are sudden, impulsive, and probably the majority, at least those of pubescent girls, are for the sake of the effect their death will have upon their nearest friends and relatives. What child has not seriously conceived suicide, at least in reverie? Several partial censuses have been unable to find one.

⁴ La crainte de la morte. *Rev. Sci.*, 1895, p. 367 *et seq.*

⁵ L. Proal: *L'éducation et le suicide des enfants*, Paris, 1907, p. 204. G. Budde: *Schülersebstmorde*, Hannover, 1908, p. 59; E. Neter: *Der Selbstmord im kindlichen und jugendlichen Alter*, 1910, p. 28; L. Gurlitt: *Schülersebstmorde*, n. d. p. 59; Baer: *Der Selbstmord im Kindesalter*, Leipzig, 1901, p. 85; Eickhoff, *Die Zunahme der Schülersebstmorde an den höheren Schulen*; *Zts. f. d. evangel. Religionsunter. an höheren Lehranstalten*, 1909, v. 4; Eulenburg: *Schülersebstmorde*, in *Der Saemann*, 1909, v. 5, p. 30; Gebhard: *Über die Schülersebstmorde*, *Monatss. f. höhere Schulen*, 1909, v. 3 and 4, p. 24; Wehnert: *Schülersebstmorde*, Hamburg, 1908, p. 81.

If death is the great mystery to adults, far more so is it to callow fledgling youth. So little is it understood by them that it is hard to utilize the fear of it for motivating hygienic regimen. To tell a child that Irving Fisher has found that by conforming to certain well established laws of health life may be prolonged on the average fifteen years seems a far cry, and is ineffective, for the child is absorbed in living out all the possibilities of the present reality. Moreover, there are other perhaps more obvious perils in turning on the death fear as a euthenic motive for children. During adolescence the death problem becomes a veritable muse, inspiring endless dreads, reveries and perhaps obsessions and complexes of the most manifold kinds, especially in neurotics, in which infantile impulses and adult insights are strangely mingled, producing weird perversions in later life. All these mazes one can never thread without a knowledge of the impression death has made upon the impressionable soul of man, all the way from infancy up through youth. Let us pause here to sample a few data from our returns from children supposedly normal.

Little children often *focus on some minute detail* and ever after remember, e. g., the bright, pretty handles or silver nails of the coffin, the plate, the cloth binding, black for adults or white for children, their own or others' articles of apparel, the shroud, the flowers, and wreaths on or near the coffin or thrown into the grave, the candles, the stray phrases of the preacher, the music, the incidents of the ride to the graveyard, the fear lest the bottom of the coffin should drop out or the straps with which it is lowered into the ground should slip or break, a stone in the first handful or shovelful of earth thrown upon the coffin, etc. The hearse is almost always prominent and many children want to ride in or on one. This conforms to the well known laws of erotic fetishism, by which the one item which alone can find room in the narrow field of consciousness is over-determined and exaggerated by the many items that are not able to get in. Most of the factors in thanatic fetishism are *bewusstseinsunfähig*. Children sometimes play they are dead, even when alone. They stretch out in bed, fold their hands, and hold their breath as long as they can to see how it feels to be dead. A few in fancy feel ill, imagine doctor and nurse, go through the last agony, and perhaps imagine others standing about weeping and praising them, or in other cases they personate the bystanders and see the imaginary death of a friend, and try to weep (though grief is hard and late to understand, and children often think tears a pretense). They often pick out pretty coffins for

their chums and even imagine becoming burial frocks. The odor of varnish from the coffin sometimes has an almost incredible persistence and power to call up feelings and emotions. Many children fear that the corpse will wake and sit up. "He is not dead but sleepeth." Many are the reports of how by calling, touching, pounding and otherwise doing forbidden or commendable things, children strive to provoke or coax their dead relatives to awake. To them, too, death has many degrees. The buried body is deadeast. It is more so in the coffin than before being placed there. A very sick person who may die begins to be invested with the same awe. Lying in bed by day, the doctor, the silent nurse, the smell of medicine, often suggest that death has begun. Toward very old people children feel something of the same awe because they must soon die. A very few are incipient nekrophiles, trying to stroke, handle, and even kiss and hug the corpse. Scott's curves indicate that at about the age of five death is more likely to seem attractive and interesting, while at about nine its real horror first begins to be actually felt. Some at a very tender age acquire associations that persist for years and occasionally through life with specific incidents. In our data adults mention, e. g., the sight and smell of tuberoses, any black box, even a black boat, a crepe veil or bow on a doorhandle or even a hat or garment, the tolling of bells or even the ringing of them, phrases in song or scripture as in family prayers, while in one case every allusion to death had to be omitted to prevent an hysterical outbreak in a young girl. Some go far around to avoid passing an undertaker's shop, etc. One young man felt a sudden horror toward a young lady to whom he was attached, as soon as he learned that she was employed in an undertaker's shop. The suggestion of these things may cause a sudden convulsive sob, tears or inexplicable depression. Some report acute panics when gazing at quietly sleeping friends, lest they may be dead or dying. Children's funerals, interments, graveyards for pets, are now represented by a small literature. How they sometimes love to play with death-shudders in their talk and thoughts is well illustrated in the case of two girls of seven whom I once overheard while watching a man on a very high roof. One said, "Oh, I wish he would fall right down backwards and kill himself." "And they pick him up all bloody," giggled the other. "His bones all broke," said the first. "And put him in a black box in the grave," said the second. "And all his children cry," said number one. "And starve to death," added the other. They were getting more excited,

awed and spoke lower as they passed out of my hearing. The horror, and yet sometimes the fascination, of a room where a friend has died or a place where a murder has been committed is well known.

The "*death-thought*" in some of our data seems almost spontaneous. It breaks out obsessively or on the slightest occasion. Some have spells of crying with wild abandon at the thought that they must die, which sometimes seems to sound out to them as if from the welkin. It is worst nights. It seems so unspeakably dreadful that they cannot steady their voices. One clergyman was so haunted by it that he could not conduct funerals, and only after years was he able to find self-control in the conviction that he might live on until Christ's second coming and so not taste death. The thought in the infant prayer, "If I should die before I wake" made one child more or less neurotic for years with the horror of Hell and judgment, and she was wont to fancy herself found dead in the morning, and used to pose for it to look her best. Several grew hysterical at revivals. Some who have been very near death by drowning or other accident recalled that their minds were entirely pervaded by such trivial thoughts as wondering who would do this or that duty they had performed, realizing that they would escape something disliked or that some enemy would be glad, that now they were going to find out all about it, etc. Thereafter this memory of the painlessness and pettiness of their experience in *articulo mortis* robbed them of all further fear of death, and yet subsequent recall of the scene after narrow escapes may sometimes produce the very opposite effect and bring access of fear and dread. But one characteristic of later childhood and youth, and sometimes maturity and old age, is that in some quiet hour, perhaps in a wakeful moment in the middle of the night, or more when alone on the shore or in the forest, the thought, "I must die," seems to spring and fasten upon the soul like a beast of prey. It flashes out with great and absorbing vividness. In a few cases a voice seems to pronounce the sentence. Occasionally this is so intense that the child fancies that it is in the act of dying and springs up in terror. Morbid fears of death always are regressive or reversionary with childish features.⁶

⁶ Mersey (La Tanatophilie dans la famille des Hapsbourg, Rev. d. Psychiatr. Nr. 12, 1912, p. 493) describes the strange case of love of death in the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella and also Charles V.

What are the outcrops in early childhood of the effects of the fears of death in the race, for the child usually begins, like the animals, with no fear of it, and epitomizes in the successive stages of its individual existence all the steps taken by the phylum. We certainly do see buds of about all the

The former, after the death of her husband, Philip the Beautiful, whom she loved with a consuming jealousy, had his body embalmed and only with great difficulty could she leave the coffin where it lay. Sometimes she had it open for a time to kiss the bare corpse, and did so with the greatest passion. This state had periods of remission and exacerbation. The history of Charles, too, can be paralleled in many modern instances, while dreams show us still more clearly how nekrophilic man can be.

Witry says that from his own practice he believes thanatophobiacs are almost always from the professional or upper middle classes, those from the lower classes meeting death with more stoicism than those of the upper. Catholics, he says, have little fear of death. Thanatophobes are usually neuropaths of degenerate heredity. One of his cases, a girl of 18, was suddenly seized by a violent fear that she was to die within an hour. She was put to sleep by suggestion and woke up normal. A woman teacher of 49 had three acute attacks, cured by suggestion. A middle-aged physician, after being drunk, had acute fear of death and Hell, which yielded to medical treatment. Old priests, we are told, are especially subject to it if neuropathic or "*scrupuleux*." Some feel it acutely when, after fighting a long reluctance to do so, they have compelled themselves to make a will.

Ferrari (*La peur de la mort*, Rev. Scient., 1896, v. 5, p. 59) describes several cases of tolerably healthy people who have had sudden premonitions of death, with acute fear, and who have shortly thereafter died, some of them from no ascertainable cause. Hence he raises the question whether an obsession of death can be so strong as to cause it.

Fiessinger gives a case which he thinks directly due to the symptoms of *angina pectoris*, and discusses whether patients should be told their disease and its gravity, in view of this possible phobia.

Ferrero (*La crainte de la morte*, Rev. Scient., 1895, v. 3, p. 361) thinks the natural man has little fear or thought of death and its representations in art and religion are not painful, on account of the sustaining influences of our organic sensations. Still, the thought of death does have much influence upon our ideas, and to some extent our sentiments. The mathematical chances of death play a small rôle in affecting the choice of professions. It is only the prospect of impending death that shocks. Chronic invalids have little fear but only hope for life, *e. g.*, consumptives, while to some, *e. g.*, Indian widows, lovers, it is attractive. Hence he thinks it normally indifferent and sometimes agreeable but becomes an object of fear only by association.

Wilson (*The sense of danger and fear of death*, Monist, 1902, v. 13, pp. 352-69) thinks all creatures may be divided into two classes, each with its own characteristic reaction to stimuli, (a) the predatory or pursuing, and (b) the fleeing, and as each experience leaves an organic legacy which atrophies very slowly and that in the subconscious, these differences are intensified. Fear is an evil which can be eradicated only by concentrating on work and not on self.

Levy (*Die agoraphobie*. Wien. allg. medizin. Zeitung, 1911, nr. 10)

characteristics of the many and diverse attitudes which the race has assumed toward death, but this is not the place to trace these in detail. Moreover, such reactions as the above in consciousness are only the epiphenomena of the larger, deeper, evolving processional of the unconscious and even organic responses to it, and each of these needs analysis from the patent to the latent before we can find what the soul really means from what it says. We can, however, make the provisional answer to the above question, and that with considerable confidence, that death is not unlike sex in that while the components of death-attitudes are early present, these elements are not much organized into unity until about the time that the *vita sexualis* as such develops at puberty, when racial experience in both fields comes to more or less conscious unification. The normal child is dominated by the basal impulse to live and grow, and there is little room or possibility for the realization of death. Death has no business with the child or the child with it, any more than is the case with the interests of posterity during the age chiefly devoted to individuation. Life and growth of psyche and soma are at their flood tide and every intimation of death is not only foreign to the very nature and needs of the child but is arrestive of the course of nature and should be, so far as possible, veiled in reticence, like sex, with only provisional answers to the genuine questions about it. The above data show how completely the *genetic impulse shields the child* by diverting it from the central fact to countless irrelevancies, trivialities and accessories. Just as the instinct of the race has blindly striven to avoid sex precocity, if not to delay puberty, and more consciously and purposively to enforce a period of repression between the age of pubescence and that of nubility, so myth, primitive religions and even Christianity have provided many ways of mitigating, even for adults, but more especially for the young, the nameless horror of direct envisagement of the fact that we all must die and cease to be body and soul, or, like the Nirvana cult, to make it all tolerable. This cult is one of the boldest and most advanced if not the truest and most effective of all the anti-fear death cults.

At the opposite extreme stands *Christianity*, the culminating achievement of which took place in the few days between

gives a case of an agoraphobia which was rooted in a very distinct dread of death by a special disease. A Dubois psychotherapeutic conversation which proved the fallacy of its grounds and to which the patient attended, although with great effort, did not quiet but only increased excitement. Excitement and exhaustion were the chief symptoms and the case yielded only to isolation and rest.

the burial of Jesus and the Pentecostal outburst. Never in history, if it be history, and never in the subjective story of Mansoul, if this be the stage on which it was all accomplished, has there been such *au rebours* from the nadir of depression of the disciples, because the type-man of their race, who had grown to their minds to be a fully diplomated God-man, was completely dead and that in shame and ignominy, and his corpse sealed up to moulder and rot in a rock. Then came first the timid and then the plenary conviction that He had conquered death and even Hell, risen from the dead, walked and conversed with friends in an attenuated body and visibly ascended to Heaven and God. Once fully convinced that this was all veritably true, witnessed and attested by every sense and proof, the great incubus of ages was removed, and death, the supreme terror, was abolished. This brought a frenzy or saturnalia of joy called the gift of the Holy Spirit, which possessed their lives. The ecstatic disciples shouted in weird unknown tongues, until onlookers called them drunk as with new wine, gazed all day into Heaven, henceforth the home of souls, and had to be exhorted to cease their raving jubilations and go to work. In this inebriating new joy and freedom they, and later their successors, met the nine persecutions, during which martyrdom became a passion, and tender youths and maidens could hardly be restrained from throwing themselves to the wild beasts in the arena as the supreme crown and testimony to their faith. So, too, Christian asceticism followed from the same motive. This life was mean and it mattered little how squalid it was, for it was only a provisional, probationary moment compared to the eternal joy and happiness where all real worths and values were confidently awaited, compared to which those of earth were only dross. "There is no death. What seems so is transition" to an infinitely higher state than this. Never did the other world so absorb the power of this. Visions, trances, homilies, poems, poetry and theology fitted the other world out with every good, and the chief offices of the church were to keep the keys of the transcendental world and to wield its tremendous sanctions in a way to dominate life and determine good and evil. Thus never was the greatest *Verdrängung* that ever oppressed the human race so completely removed. The most essential claim of Christianity is to have removed the fear of death and made the king of terrors into a good friend and boon companion by this the most masterly of all psychotherapies. If it be only a pragmatic postulate or hypothesis or *Als Ob* in Vaihinger's sense, it has worked well on the whole, despite

the ever present dangers of transcendental selfishness that prompts only to save one's own soul, nevertheless it is the supreme demonstration of the *Allmacht* of the folk-soul to minister to its own gravest diseases and banish its greatest enemy, the death fear.

In all we know of the folk-soul there is no more striking illustration of geneticism than the slow but sure establishment in recent years, by comparing ancient myths and rites with the findings of excavations, that in the great countries about the eastern Mediterranean, especially Thrace, Asia Minor and Egypt, the highest religious consciousness of these races was expressed in elaborate cults of death and resurrection, to have participated in which is said to have made the celebrants over and initiated them into a new and higher life. All was so secret and oath-bound that it found little representation, save the most incidental allusions in history and literature, so that it was reserved for modern research to uncover, reconstruct and understand its tremendous power. Osiris, Persephone, Attis, the lover of the all-mother Cybele, Demeter and Dionysius in the Eleusinian mysteries, Astar in her restoration of Phanaeus and many others, some with very high and full and some with very scanty and fragmentary developments of the myth and cult, died and perhaps went to Hades and came back bringing, now one, now many with them. Typical of these ceremonies were the funereal sadness, death dirge, wailings, active symbolic manifestations of grief and despair, as if to attain the very acme of psychalgia. The great, good, beautiful, divine hero is not only dead but has perhaps gone over into the netherworld to defy death and the power of evil in their stronghold and to conquer and bind them. There is, then, a phase of painful, anxious, silent suspense. Will he succeed and return, or will he fail and never reappear? Then, when the tension is at the very breaking-point, comes the thumic ebb, rebound or reversal. Someone whispers or cries aloud, "He has won and comes back," and then all is changed. Lights flare out in the darkness. Instead of tears and sobs there are joy unrestrained, congratulations, embraces, and soon frantic ecstasy, leaping, shouting, wine, song, revelry, bells, cannon, fireworks, and sometimes in degenerate days drunkenness and gluttony with the sacramental elements, and in token of the triumphs of the higher love, carnal debauch and revelry, and always ecstasy and inebriation with euphoria. Thus from three to six centuries B. C. men strove to attain an immunity-bath which should safeguard them from all excessive pain and pleasure

of life by participation in a pageantry or dramatization of the eternal struggle between the greatest evil, death and the dread of it, and the greatest joy of the most intense living, thus ensuring their souls against being led captive by pleasure or by pain, by keeping wide open the way from the extremest depression to the maximum of exaltation.

Now all this rests in every case where it can be traced, upon the *retreat of the sun and the death of winter* in autumn and the return of spring, re-enforced of course by the alternations of day and night. These deities or their prototypes were originally gods of vegetation and the resurrections are vernal. The everlasting bars that broke were snow and ice. The king of glory that came in when the gates were lifted was spring, the conqueror, and in these secular changes of the year are found the first preformations of the soul and the momentum that still subconsciously re-enforces that belief in a life after death and supplies always an anodyne and often an antidote for the death fear.

Our thoughts of the fate of the bodies of our friends do not stop with interment, but we have little to guide them save the traditional poetic abominations of putrescence, worms and mouldering to dust, which are as unscientific as are the amoralist's conceptions of the heart that breaks, swells, rises, sinks, sings, and is and does other physiologically impossible things permissible only to poetic license. I cannot find a single study of the chemical changes that take place through subsequent weeks, months and years until only skull and bones remain, although Finot (*La philosophie de la longévité*, Paris, 1900) says our body is immortal in the larvae born in our decomposed flesh. He describes the succession of the fauna that consume corpses and sees in the very maggots and vermin that horrify men (a phobia to which Tolstoi has given most acute attention) sources of consolation. Thus the great rhythm goes on, birth and death, but the forms of life in the grave from which evolves life may proceed on and up to higher forms. The so-called peace of the grave is really full of vitality. The thanatophobia of the race and the repulsiveness of carrion have kept the doors of the tomb effectually locked, so that we know far more of excretion than we do of decaying bodies of men. One of the most universal instincts of the human race is that the dead must be put out of sight else, at least for the Greeks, the ghost cannot rest but haunts those who have neglected this primeval duty. The conscious *morituri* crave decent burial and to provide this is the most imperative duty felt by survivors, and from burial on friends

always strive to think of the body as it was and forget what it is. Even tombs or gravestones have this diversion from reality as one of their purposes, and the reveries that play about the content of the casket beneath, active as they often are, especially in the young, are sternly suppressed, even though they burrow beneath the psychic humus and reinforce unconsciously death-thoughts and -phobias. Children have a stage of interest and sometimes more or less absorption in dreameries as to what is going on down there where the buried friend was laid to rest, but convention checks this almost as severely as it does their naive queries concerning sex. Now it is this suppressed mentation that has contributed not a little to motivate the various modes of burial such as desiccation in trees, mummification, sealing up from the air in urns, rocks, etc., cremation, water-burial of various kinds, interment under cairns to protect from beasts, or exposure to birds of prey, as in the Persian towers of silence, or eating relatives or foes ritually, whole or in part, as is done among some cannibals, devising for the use of anatomists or medical schools, special treatment for certain parts, or bequeathing them to special uses (e. g. the skull for a drinking-cup, skin for drum heads, joints for glue, intestines for bass viol strings, pericardium for money-purse, etc. as we occasionally find among fanatics). Only very recently have hygienic considerations begun to come to the fore, for it is hard to realize that the dead body of the dearest friend may become a source of death to those that loved it while living. The reluctance of those contemplating death or their friends to submit to post-mortem examinations, even for the benefit of science, is a relic of nekrophilism that once prompted embalming and still lavishes wealth on gorgeous monuments because the blank fact of death is so hard and repulsive to grasp. I am convinced that an analysis of burial customs makes it plain that many if not most modes of disposing of the dead (such as Yarrow describes, volume 1, Bureau of Ethnology Reports) are motivated in no small part by the impulse to repress or divert from thoughts of putrescence, and that the belief in reanimation and another life, though often evident, is far less prominent than most anthropologists, not to say all theologians, have been wont to assume. A body embalmed, burned or hermetically sealed, cannot be thought of as putrid or spreading infection. If some modes of burial would make physical reanimation easier by keeping at least the more important nuclear parts of the body together or intact, others quite as common would make this far harder. One factor

that must never be left out of all these explanations of forms of disposing of the dead is thus to prevent the survivors from dwelling upon the natural processes of disintegration, so intolerable that all fashions of burial are primarily to conceal it or to divert the mind from it. If a Freudian term be permissible, they are so many *Deckphenomena* which the folk-soul have devised to cover up one of the most insistent but repugnant thoughts, viz., the decomposition of the bodies of our dear ones. How can, for instance, a lover who to-day dotes and gloats upon the eyes, mouth, and every part of the body of his inamorata, next day contemplate her corpse destined to rot through a series of stages, from every one of which every sense would turn away with horror? To mitigate such a shock and to save the psyche from disintegrating under it all these vicariating, easing and defensive mechanisms have been slowly evolved. Their worth is in what they save us from, more than in what they give. They are to protect us from obsessive, imperative thoughts of the body's decay, rather than to assure us that an undying part survives and will again want its sanguine tenement. They are, rightly conceived, therapeutic systems to assuage the thanatophobia that might drive at least neurotics mad with fear and dread. This obsession, then, traditional sentiment and even the belief in a post-mortem life of the soul, helps us to relieve.

The most romantic effort to near, face to face, envisagement of physical and chemical facts is the vague sentiment not infrequently found of late in poetry where consolation is sought in the possibility that our bodies when resolved into their elements may, if ever so little, affect the phenomena and processes of Nature. "Great Caesar's body, dead and turned to clay, may stop a chink to keep the flaws away." When in a cremation furnace we see a coffin melting away and the body going up in beautiful polychromatic flames, two or three thousand degrees Fahrenheit, an imaginative but scientific friend suggested that the spectroscopic lines from these flames might some day tell us with unerring certainty and great detail whether the dead had led a good or a bad life. Something of our soma may at least make grass and trees grow faster or flowers bloom more beautifully, or add some faint tint to the setting sun as the body becomes a diffusive power, further and further irradiating out through the universe. A Hindu ascetic changed his mode of life and eating and underwent a dietetic conversion in order that the "dear brother worms" might have a happier time and a more sumptuous meal from his body when he died, for would not

his decaying carcass be for a time heaven to them, and when they were fat they might in their turn give a rich repast to the beautiful singing birds or feed their starving young, and when the birds in turn grew to be fowl, they might feed man and give man more strength to serve God and be a greater blessing to his fellowmen. Perhaps, too, there are laws governing disintegration of the molecules that compose us, that would, were they really known, teach us very much of evolution by setting forth all the converse stages of physical devolution, or show how the life of disease germs is affected by the death of their host, etc. But all this is so far a wan, falsetto thought, even though it may be a symptom of convalescence from a great fear. Yet who shall say that it may not point out the direction of research that, when man is thoroughly cured of his death phobia, science may take, and find a field that may yield rich results not only for knowledge but for courage. As yet the age-long cowardice is too little overcome to permit us to strike out boldly into it, for the race still shudders under the spell of this phobia as of no other.

Epitomizing very roughly, we may say (1) that fear of corpses is quite primitive, although found in infants only in the form of a nervous shudder set off by coldness, immobility, pallor, sunken and partly closed eyes, etc., on a background of strange surroundings with the social contagion of grief. The death-fears of generations of human forbears are inherited in the form of neural predispositions to shudder, but with no intelligence and little or no consciousness. This is more reflex than instinctive but in it is the promise and potency of a mass of later and higher reactions. Here the analogy with sex is close for *ludeln* and *lütschen* and infantile anal and other isolated prelusions of sex are on the same level. They are fragmentary partial *Trieb* with no awareness of sex but are only the first ontogenetic expressions of a long phyletic experience with sex. As the first naïve infantile curiosity about sex is soon powerfully repressed, so the first interest in death suffers multifarious *Verdrängungen*. So effectively have shame and modesty stamped themselves upon our organism that we have many cases in which the first envisagements of sex cause a painful and normal repulsion, as in the case of the servant girl who laid an infant on the floor to make the bed, and by stepping over it aroused in the babe an aversion for all girls that lasted well on to puberty, or as in Ernest Poole's "The Harbor" the boy of

seven saw on a forbidden street a gross scene between a drunken sailor and a vile woman, which killed for a long time the great previous charm of that general locality, and again in the early teens when he saw the red garter that had accidentally slipped down over the ankle of his favorite girl playmate of twelve, he felt an aversion that sent him suddenly away from her for years, unconscious as it all was on the part of both. Such cases illustrate how effectively nature arms the normal soul against sex precocity. In the same way she would shield the young child from the premature realization of death and allow it to linger in the animal plane before it was known. That nekrophilism has its germs in infantile experience as truly as does anal eroticism there can be little doubt, although we have as yet few analyzed data on the subject. It of course goes with the fact that death is not known for what it really is.

(2) The instinct to deck out, to beautify and perpetuate the corpse, occasionally to photograph and in Egypt to mummify it, is less analogous to the impulse to purify the exhibition of the nude body in art or to sacramentalize the sex act in phallic cults. Both tendencies developed in the teeth of a strong contravalent trend. Erotism toward corpses in the sense of Krafft-Ebing and Tarnowski might stand for the extremest form of the negation of death just as a truly immaculate conception, with suppression of all passional lust in the interests of the offspring, would be the ambivalent pole, while mummification would be more like the ritualization of coitus; but in an article like this one can hardly dwell upon the details which to my mind validate this thesis.

(3) Diversion is plainer. From the fig leaf or breech cloth up to the wedding dress, flowers, gifts, nuptial ceremonies and customs, we have *Verschiebung* from the acts and organs in which wedlock is consummated to hair, face, arms, movements, ritual, music, dot, honeymoon, etc., in ever widening irradiation. So in death and funerals, attention is directed to grave clothes, the coffin and its trimmings, flowers, perhaps incense, chants, solemn religious ceremonials, feasts before and after, wakes, vigils, ending in a formal commitment of the body to the natural forces of disintegration. Of the bride and groom, as of the dead, we speak only good, and we would almost as soon speak ill of one lover to another as of the dead to surviving friends and mourners. As death of one mate often revives love where it had begun to languish so separation may fan the flame of affection and make for

idealization. Death beautifies and perhaps beatifies, and also awakens the conscience of the survivor at the memory of real or fancied mistreatment.

(4) One of the chief causes that first suggested and then made man cling with such persistence to the belief in souls was the far greater difficulty in grasping death as annihilation. The passing of the body cannot mean the end of all. Something must survive for the mind like nature abhors a vacuum, and hence we have to postulate something in place of the vanished body. The dead thus are not quite dead and from this faint suggestion slowly evolved the primitive ghost cults and finally fully panoplied heavens and hells, with the conception that the body was a mere husk or shell which, when it was sloughed off, liberated a far more glorious and enduring soul. Thus belief in the immortality of the soul arose partly as a compensation which man's autistic nature evolved to make up for the realization of the mortality of the body. It was a consolation-prize, precious because it atoned for the supremest of all calamities. So love, at first purely animal and selfish, slowly came to realize that it was not a finality but that it was for the sake of offspring. Love that is only physical and personal satisfaction means for fallen man the gradual extinction of his stirp, while eugenics, which is a new religion of life, regards chiefly the immortality of the germ plasm. It compensates for a love that is only scortatory, supplying another object than the mate, viz., the child, in which not only does passion find a vicariate but which gives an object on which those unmated can lavish all their affection. Especially parents live on in their well-begotten and well-bred children, and when senescence has sapped the roots of mere amorousness, love for offspring is distinctly reinforced, as we often see in the assiduity and indulgence of grandparents, which so exceed that of parents. Thus love provides for itself in the aged and in the unwed a normative surrogate for posterity. We have been told that the most prolific races and social classes in the Occident are those that believe in the immortality of the individual soul, and conversely that the least so are those that doubt it. If this be true, we have yet to find the mechanism of this correlation, but the fact, if it be such, is of the utmost psychogenetic as well as pragmatic importance.

(5) Another great product of the fear of death and its agent, disease, is medicine and hygiene, to say nothing of all forms of life and health insurance, etc. Man's deepest impulse is to live as long, intensively and richly as possible,

that is, to attain macrobiotism. Everything that checks this maximum is lethal, for both life and death are of all degrees, death being only the zero on the life scale. Fear is not merely the will to be immortal as Stekel (*Nervöse AnGSTzustände*, zweite Aufgabe, 1912) defines it, but the will to live out completely all that is in us. We realize every possibility and expand every dimension of our nature. We long to be just as well, strong, happy and vital as possible, and strive against everything that impedes this wish or will, while we implore even our parents if through their fault we are born short or handicapped with disease. We love life supremely and cannot have too much of it, and foods, drugs, and regimen, are precious just so far as they minister to this end, while we dread all that interferes with it. This lust for extreme individuation, however, has at once its consummation and its reversal in love. It is at once the acme of self-affirmation and of self-renunciation, for it is no less kenotic or self-emptying, since subordination also begins in love, which must serve. Just as what we know as anger consists of only partial and almost erratic outcrops of the generic aggressiveness of man by which he has conquered nature and his enemies, and has explored, investigated, and accomplished all his active achievements in the world, so what we see as fears and phobias are only the remnants and almost random residua of man's passivity and plasticity, which have from the beginning made him receptive and docile, which have culminated in the development of memory and science, and which began in adjustments to the ways of nature and of the social environment. This change is one of the most pregnant of all the insights of genetic psychology, and shows us how knowledge is itself so largely a product of fears (which culminate in the fear of death) and their correlate, the love of life. Each of them has innumerable degrees and of these art and religion, no less than hygiene and science, are the results, for all of them are but progressive realizations of the ever more patent possibilities of human nature with all its still slumbering and yet to be evolved latencies. Of this general thesis let us now consider some of its items more in detail. We must first, however, consider the *genesis of ghosts* and why we fear them.

The all encompassing atmosphere, near the bottom of the deep sea of which man spends his life crawling about, is the chief psychogenetic basis of his conceptions of things immortal. We sense air in motion by touch, the mother of all the senses, and hence its reality is as certain as this, the most

realistic of all the senses, can make it. As wind it may sweep the sea and land and leave wreckage in its wake. Its power may rise in crescendo to a degree which trees, houses and even earth and stones cannot resist; yet terrific as its dynamism may be, it is invisible and so it is invested with a certain vague and mystic awe. It parches and brings rain, propels clouds and bears the lightning. It can lift, break, transport things or buffet us on all sides and yet it is bafflingly unseen. It lashes the sea, brings heat and cold, and wet and dry, controls flood and withering drouth, makes climate, brings health and disease and yet is without color, shape or cutline. Its direction and intensity have had many personifications. It is the medium of communication with the gods. As breath it is life and its absence is death. It was once and long regarded as the third potentialization of the four elements or as earth and water sublimated and liable to pass anywhere over into the highest of the four, fire. Arteries, as the name signifies, were regarded as air passages in the body until Harvey appeared. Inspiration was caused by inhalation, especially of the higher, more empyrean air on the tops of sacred mountains, for this the gods breathed. Most terms in most languages, such as *pneuma*, spirit, *nous*, *anima*, soul, ghost, etc., mean etymologically air. To air we thus owe most of our conceptions not only of psychic but of metaphysical reality. Air even at rest is closer to us than anything else objective, is constantly all about and in us, yet we cannot taste, smell, touch, hear or see it, though it conditions all life. It carries all voices, sounds and noises. To it thus man owes the psychic mechanism which created and sustained everything transcendent. From these unique sense data thought took its first and chief step in emancipating itself from things and thus were laid the foundations of the entire super-sensible world. The significance of this step is vast and not yet adequately realized. It marked a great epoch in human culture, though it was by no means suddenly but very gradually achieved. Thus, to primitive thought, all space was not void but filled with powers which were always appealing to us but to which we were hopelessly and almost totally blind. Here was the first great kingdom of faith as freed from sight, into which spiritual creations have always been projected. In light and dark alike air moving or moved against us is palpable and actual. Thus the greatest of all the playgrounds for the imagination was opened and furnished by fancy, which could escape the coercion of facts and revel in creations all its own. Wind deities so often first and

foremost in primitive religion and myth are made not only in but of air almost as truly as all life forms are made of protoplasm. God and ghosts in their nature and attributes are airy. The air is their home whether they float about or are organized into heavens, hells or limbos which are neither or both. They do airy things. They whisper, breathe upon or gently incline or resist us, although they may roar at, compel or overwhelm us. They move freely, fast and slowly, high or low, come unawares as zephyrs or suddenly as gusts. They beat and smite us, pipe softly or howl and roar. Thus air and its phenomena need but a touch of fancy to take on more or less definite personal forms. Now, had man crept about under the water near the ocean bottom, all his transcendentalizing mechanizing would have been far more crass and crude and had he been a mole-like burrower under the ground, everything metaphysical would have been impossible. Had man been viable in a world without air, he might conceivably have thought logically along the prime categories of time, space, and matter, but to air and its forms and forces, he owes about all his conceptions of bodiless individualities. Under the proclivities developed from such incitements his soul created the denizens of this realm.

Of these the most definite were ghosts of at least two kinds, those that are products of fear and pain on the one hand and those that express groups of wishes on the other. Those airy spiritual parts that survive, whether in animals or men, who were unfriendly to us or whom we have injured, persist and return to harm us. These we dread. Had we done to or experienced from these beings no harm at all, all ghosts would have been benign. Because we have been or deserve to be injured by them, we fear them. Had we suffered or merited no pain from them, their wraiths or sprites would have been at least indifferent and never hostile to us. Ghosts do not change their disposition in sloughing off the body and need placation by us just as much as or more than when they were incarnate. Hence, the dread of them is the product of either old fears or an evil conscience. On the other hand, kindly spirits wish us well for they are products of our wishes that our friends not only survive but minister to us and protect and warn us against evils. There is a psychic momentum of life by which we find it difficult to realize that those we knew daily and love dearly are really no more, especially if we have not actually seen them dead and buried. Funerals have always been the greatest ghost layers. Moreover, the psyche, like nature, abhors a vacuum,

and the dead persist not only in memory but in fancy. Both together contribute to the post-existence and influence of the dead. On this basis, when audition and even visualization and mental imagery are vivid, their creations easily reach illusory intensity and when to this is added the automatism of movement, speech and intensive idealization waking or especially sleeping, the readiest and most inveterate interpretation is in the sense of spiritism in one or more of its forms, and unusual occurrences in our bodies or souls or in those of others seem mediumistic. Disease especially is believed to be demonopathic and due to possession and minor abnormalities which may be organized into a secondary personality are interpreted supernaturally as inspiration from supernal powers. This makes all mediumnopathy an object of awe and respect. Thus all the powers of the air, potent but unseen, are developed and spirits strive to possess our bodies and souls. The ghosts of ancestors watch over us as in China. In the ghost dance, the red man communes with and yields to the influence of all who have preceded him to the Happy Hunting Ground. Ghosts wake and walk on Hallowe'en and we earn the good will and intercession of the departed on All Saints' Day. Back of all is the struggle of the individual to survive the last and greatest calamity, death, and this makes us all keen to believe and slow to reject every sort of proof. Thus the other world came to its immense power over human life, outweighs it and makes it often seem mean and contemptible. In the aerial kingdom life is not only perpetuated, but is idealized, is eternal, blissful, pure, so that all the heavens are asylums of unfulfilled wishes where every lack and want are supplied or else where all evil is; a realm of complementary and compensatory realization where we enjoy all which is lacking here or if we had escaped mundane justice, where we receive penalty; a realm to which the hierarchic orders hold the keys and thus become supreme over all other powers or at least a rival of kings. It has been the world's great resource where all who seek refuge find it. It is the great superstition that stands over us, the extra- or the *Aberglaube* as true to the heart of the race as science is to its reason, concerning which we may believe what we list or will. It has made heroes and fanatics. It has been the world's greatest bulwark against crime and vice wherever its sanction has been on the side of morality. To doubt it is the quintessence of all heresy and skepticism, and to have faith in its existence in and of itself has a saving efficacy. It has made theology out of anthropology by projecting the latter

upon the skies. Its formularies have been sacred. Faith, which is a vague combination of wishes and fears, is its organ. It is the world's greatest system of psychotherapy, both moral and physical, though had we been completely normal physically, mentally and morally it would never have existed at all, because unnecessary. As it is, Heaven and its contents and denizens are the truest of all true things. It is a sublime and intricate system of slowly accumulated projections into the *Jenseits* of pragmatic sanctions, but when the complete superman arrives, it will fade because its regenerative agency will have been accomplished. It is now the light and hope of the world, but when the day of immanence comes, that of transcendence will be done away.

Why do men fear ghosts and feel uncanny about the wraiths of even their dearest friends, whom it might seem they would long to meet under any circumstances? This question has often been asked but never answered. I think we may set down at least the following as explanatory factors.

(1) Ghosts suggest corpses and perhaps modes of death, and so are repellent by associative memory. They often wear grave clothes and perhaps preserve coffin attitudes, show cadaveric and skeletal traits in the head and its features and in the body generally, sunken eyes, cheeks, pallor, etc. They prefer graveyards, death rooms, and other localities associated with death. They may have scars or gaping wounds, may utter death moans or shrieks, and many of their characteristic parts and acts suggest lethal thanatic attributes. They may even have a charnel-house odor, and often diffuse a chill as a kind of aura. They rarely appear in full daylight but ally themselves to the instinctive timidity we all tend to feel at darkness.

(2) They are so ethereal, evasive of our senses, independent of gravity, able to pass through solid doors, walls, etc., like x-rays; are thought always to have much power over us and perhaps to have us at their mercy; no weapons or shelter or perhaps even magic formula can be absolutely trusted to keep them off. They are popularly thought to do uncanny things, to materialize, hover, exhibit or cause levitation; to rap, sound instruments and make other noises; to haunt places where the dead lie or abandoned houses. Thus the physical properties ascribed to them are mysterious and awe-inspiring, and we cannot understand their will or their ways. Though they may not be as dangerous as electric fire-balls, they are as weird, and as unlike a normal psychophysic personality as a fire-ball

is unlike a football. Even if they had no association with the dead as above, they would in and of themselves inspire a certain dread because of their incorporeality, and because they are a unique and incomprehensible aggregate of powers and qualities dominated by a personality.

(3) Implicit trust in our friends is rare in life, and there is often a stratum of suspicion toward even those we love. To win in the struggle for survival, we cannot commit our lives, fortunes, and sacred honor with no reserves or safeguards into any other's keeping. We often treat our friends as if they might become our enemies, and so have reservations even toward our friends and lovers. Now the dead are not restrained. They can work their will on us with all the power of the other world, and can act undeterred by any fear of consequences. They can vent their rancor and feed fat every secret grudge. They can merely tweak us like elves or pursue us with maledictions and scourges like furies. So we placate, seek atonement, make oblations. There are special dangers from those we have wronged or who die hating us, if they are unappeased.

(4) Ghosts very often come back to enforce justice, as they conceive it. They punish, seek redress, make restitution for neglected or violated duties, or perhaps become ministers of vengeance. When our friends die we are prone to think of many things we might have done or left undone to or concerning them. We are remorseful if we have their anger, penitent if we have injured, and often only after death do survivors realize their neglect. Thus the ghost may be essentially the bad conscience of surviving friends, ever bringing home the consciousness of crime or guilt. There are many fears here because they remind us of our own faults or suggest, if they do not inflict, punishment. Thus the ghosts of those whom savages slay in war must be propitiated, so that they will not come back for revenge. Even the best beloved when dead quickens the conscience, while the ghosts of those we have outraged may take on terrible shapes and do terrible deeds.

A revenant apparition to a normal, cultivated man who did not believe in ghosts, would be alarming as a symptom of psychic aberration. The victim might very likely prefer the sight of bona fide ghosts to a subjective phantom, and really have the will to believe in its objective reality to save himself from the greater shock of fearing he was going mad. A persistent and reiterated hallucination is sure eventually to

win its way to more or less credibility and certitude, and in such a case belief in objectivity is a form of auto-psychotherapy, somewhat as dreams are sleep-protectors, for it saves us from the confounding sense that our senses are lying witnesses. In such cases a spiritistic faith might prove a benign prescription and mitigate the panic lest reason be tottering. Who shall say that men like Owen, Swedenborg, Luther and many others did not find defence and compensation against illness or insanity by accepting the objective validity of their illusions and prevent the dissemination of their pathological symptoms by accepting the deliverances of their sensory delusions and weaving them into their scheme of things; while on the other hand if they had persistently tried to deny and down them, they would sooner or later have lost confidence in the most basal field of experience and been reduced to confusional mental states.

All these causes, perhaps especially the first four, may combine in various proportions and degrees, while the momentum of social tradition prescribes forms of interpretation as well as feeling-tone to all such experiences.

The fact of death has always called attention more strongly than anything else to the soul or psychology. We see this even in children's fancies that corpses feel cramped in the grave or communicate with each other under ground, that the body will keep growing, that they are lonesome, and this has its highest outcrop in Plato's definition of philosophy as the contemplation of death, in Buddha's life work to find release from his experience of thanatopsis, in the fact that the death fear is sometimes so intense that victims of it are paradoxically compelled to commit suicide to escape their fear. Monks and ascetics by envisagement of skeletons and life in the tombs and all *memento mori* customs which seek to solemnize every moment of life in view of it, and pessimists that impigate the universe because we have to go through it—all this has contributed to a very intense and very deep belief in the reality of the soul and helps to make us so much more prone to write *hic jacet* rather than *in memoriam*. The impulse to preserve the body or keep it near for a time is also only the reverse side of the impulse to incinerate or dissipate it. The kings of France once remained unburied forty days and by courtly fiction were regarded as if they still lived. Although we are still a little uncertain why the Egyptians embalmed, it was certainly not with the idea that the body should be ready for complete resurrection at the end of their cycle of three thousand years,

although the Mohammedans hold that the very toe-nails and eye-lashes are resurrected, and that the spirit in the next world would forever retain every mutilation. Mortuary customs either tend to dissipate or to keep the dead within the cycle of life. Sometimes a certain part, head, heart, skull or the bone *luz* may be the center of recombination, but among all cultured people the hope of resurrection does not involve restoration of the body. Mankind will thus never fail to be more or less interested in the postmortem fate of the body itself.

The something that leaves the human body at death has from the earliest times been thought to have some power of independent existence. Heraclitus says the air is as full of spirits as the earth is of corpses. There is much analogy between the expressions of the instinct to put the body away and that to lay or drive off ghosts. Primitive culture holds that they strongly tend to linger near the body. Sometimes widows are plunged under water to drown off their dead husbands before they can marry again. Sometimes tribes turn out *en masse* to frighten away the spirits, as they do to get rid of vermin, rats or clean house. The ghost may be burned in effigy. A window or hole in the roof must be opened at death for the soul to escape, and afterwards closed, the body carried a number of times around the house, so the spirit cannot find its way back. Those unjustly treated or not buried aright return for vengeance. Among many primitive people, some think especially where there is a belief in several souls, tombstones were primitively to hold down the souls of the dead just as the Tiber was turned and Attila buried in its bed, after which it was made to flow back again to keep him in the land of spirits. In Gurney's "Phantasms of the Living" ghosts have their chief power at or near the moment of death. Man was long terrorized, especially in darkness and dreams, by the terror of ghosts, and devised many ritual modes of relegating them to some place appointed, and this was one of the great functions of the medicine man and priest. The living have a domain and their own rights in it, which the dead must respect. The witch makes havoc with this order, bringing back the souls of the departed. Thus many kinds of barriers grow up between the living and the dead. It may be distance only. Again it is a river of partial oblivion or a fire, perhaps a deep chasm, a mountain range, a strip of sea. The ghost world may be above, below, and it is always difficult to get to or from. In general man

does not wish to go to the realm of ghosts, nor to have them trespass upon his preserves.

For each friend we develop a kind of psychic plexus or constellation of associations of which they are the center, and it is these that persist and tend to bring them back, and which burial rites and banishment of the spirits of the dead tend to dissipate. Thus the tears at funerals, scripture, address and even the expense, help to reef in the vivid sense of our friend's personality and to paralyze it sufficiently so that it will not project terrifying ghostly phantoms, to make clustering memories powerless to create morbid images. Hence all such ceremonials are cathartic for by them the folk soul has sought immunity and sanity against morbid hallucinations. Conceptual energy is irradiated by the sense that our friends have crossed a bourne from which they can never return. Thus it was a great step in race culture when a home or rendezvous of departed souls was established, for this was a most successful autotherapy. The New Zealanders erected such preserves for their dead over the precipice of Reinga; Fiji Islanders in their deep and fiery canyons; the Sandwich Islanders in the subterranean abodes of Akea; the Kainchakans in an underground Elysium; the Indians in their Happy Hunting Grounds; the Greenlanders under the sea; the old Teutons in Walhalla, the temple of the slain, with its columns of spears, roof of shields, seats of armor; the ancients in the realm of Pluto, etc. There are many roads and ushers to conduct souls to their long home. Among some races they traverse the sunbeams, in others the Milky Way, some pass through caverns or over the rainbow bridge Bifrost to Aseir, in Greece Charon, in Egypt Anubis conducted souls across the interval or through the partition. In all this man sought to make himself realize that the souls of the dead were really gone and effectively shepherded in folds of their own. All this shows how tremendously real the belief in souls long was, and how exactly our modern soulless psychology has reversed all this tendency. Instead of being very tenuous, perhaps identified with some part, the shadow, image in the eye, being heart-shaped, etc., it became in many respects more real than anything physical. It is noteworthy how modern thought and psychology itself have tended to dispense with the soul until it seems a residuum hardly worth saving. We are often told that we must drop all conceptions of form, size, color, and perhaps all ideas of its relations to either time or space, that it is vulgar to think of it as phosphor-

escence, electricity, etc. One writer urges that the stuff that now constitutes our soul may be identical with what has constituted other souls, as is the case with the body. Thus psychology has distinctly tended to dissipate the soul and to indicate that it is no more persistent than the body. Nevertheless the old propensity to believe in crassly real souls will not down. Perhaps culture here tends to revert to a low and early stage, and to give it a larger, ampler development or do over again in greater detail and by more modern methods the more instinctive work of byegone stages. It is these old impulsions therefore that agitate neurotics, prattle the small gossip of the other world or burrow in the subliminal regions of the soul. In even trying to convince us of their existence they have relapsed to their old business of seeking to invade again our domain, to evict them from which has cost the world so much. If the ghosts are not baffled in their endeavor to re-encroach on our domain, the life of the world will be handicapped again. Even science in some of its quasi representatives, has had a little difficulty in accepting the inevitable here with joy. In discovering energies, ether and subtle forms of matter, it has opened the door to conceptions of astral bodies, while hyperspace and the world of infinitesimals and the possibilities of the thousand million stars invite the re-crudescence of old fancies. Figuier conceived etherians, the ether folk, 85 per cent soul and 15 per cent body (instead of being half and half like us), who could endure infinite heat and cold, who are raining into the sun, sustaining its radiation with bodies as imponderable as x-rays and persistent as vortexes. These conceptions have the same motivation and are hardly an improvement, e. g., upon Paracelsus' suggestion of the soul of a soul and another of that, and so on indefinitely, with a series of deaths and judgments, a view which has been ingeniously revived, as if the new conceptions of matter were such as to invite an ethereal population since the mind so abhors a vacuum. The final word concerning the reality of postmortem souls was well summed up by Lotze, who deprecated all attempts at proof or disproof, but said it should be left to the unconscious activities of the soul, upon which the immortalities devised for it confer no dignity. What man needs is to focus upon this life and to realize that if there is another the best way to qualify for it is by fulfilling all the best possibilities of this. To this end all the above relegations of ghosts were devised by the race soul.

The momentous step in this evolution after the postmortem world grew real was made by distinguishing between the

bodies of the good and the evil dead, and this distinction Christianity, and even Greece, owes to Egypt. In the "Book of the Dead" forty-two judges reviewed the life of each to decide whether it had been such that his body was worthy of the ditch or of due embalming, the priests holding the keys of heaven and hell, and using them sometimes to terrify even kings. In other religions a tribunal is erected and judgment given near, at or just beyond the point of junction of the two worlds. Elsewhere judgment is reserved for some great cataclysm, where all are sentenced to a second death or life. We have here traces of the belief in a series of deaths and lives in tentative probational states before final perdition or benizenz. Often the evil soul is sentenced to summary death, while the good are given a lease of life eternal. Thus it was that the Egyptians first taught immortality in a definite way, effective for morals. Pythagoras obtained the doctrine here and Plato fastened it upon the Greek mind, and thus helped to prepare the soil for Christianity. Richardson,⁷ Beet, Foucart, Maspéro,⁸ and Cimont⁹ has amplified this influence. The Eleusinian mysteries which opened the Elysian fields in Greece, were of Egyptian origin, as Demeter, while Isis, the worship of which was so like that of Demeter, was gradually Hellenized. Osiris was a man-god, slain and risen and called king of eternity, who had the power to bring back from the dead, who judged and decreed for every soul. Sayce tells us that "the moral teachers of Egypt anticipated the moral teachers of Israel," and Tisdall says that Osiris seemed to the believers in him a real deliverer because he could sympathetically attend the souls on their long and dangerous journey to Elysium.

As to *immortality* in the orthodox sense of the word, if men really believed that there was another life vastly better and more desirable in every way than this, the world would soon be depopulated, for all would emigrate from it, unless fear of the mere act of dying deterred them. At least all the strong and enterprising souls would go. But in fact even those surest of Heaven stay here to the latest possible moment, and use every means at their disposal not to graduate into the *Jenseits*, even though their lives in this world be miserable. Does not this show that belief in post-mortem life is a convention, a dream-wish? Otherwise clergymen themselves would head their flocks into the great beyond. It

⁷ The Old Egyptian Faith.

⁸ New Light on Ancient Egypt.

⁹ The Religion of Egypt.

is surely not mere duty that keeps us all here. The will to live and evolution impel to the highest, fullest possible life and if this is in another world there we should go. Is not the believer with the strongest faith self-deceived? Is it because all imagery of the next life is either so downright puerile or else barbaric and vulgar that we balk, or it is so vague that it is entirely beyond our power to conceive it, or are the attestations faulty, or the credentials unconvincing? If we were told of a new continent of fabulous wealth and charm, and believed it all, we should go to it by individuals, families, tribes, and leave fatherlands untenanted, although we had to brave dark and tempestuous seas to get there. We should not cling to the old shores until forced to cross, perhaps too weak or decrepit to enjoy or profit by the great change after the landfall. We should not ritually pray against a sudden transit or be called fanatics if we voluntarily crossed the tide because the old world had become intolerably hard for us. We should hasten to go young and in our prime to make the most and best of the new opening. Do not the facts show that the most ardent believers are very far from any really pragmatic faith, or is it rather because the next world seems all enjoyment and we prefer this where achievement predominates, or that we are not weary enough for rest only? Man's nature is active; Heaven is passive. But if this is so, it does not fit his nature, which is the need of doing, and besides, it does not attract even the most idle and lazy or those who seek only pleasure. Even the psychic researcher who holds converse with the denizens of the beyond wishes to go no more than the rest of us, as if in the deeper stratum of his soul he felt that the spirits of his friends were themselves, as Dunlap suggests, in the process of slow rotting or decomposition in various stages. The difficulty that ghost seekers tell us all spirits find in coming back to clear and open intercourse is surely a great handicap on the desirability of this kind of immortality. Why this obvious weakness of faith among the faithful?

The answers are manifold. First, the next life is really a last resort, better than annihilation, but always and to all, less desirable than this. Better fifty years of earth than a cycle of Heaven. It is a kiosk in Kamchatka, which believers have invested something in and fitted out with such comforts as they can, to which they may retreat and find landfall after shipwreck here. Their world of ghosts is really tenuous and pallid, as the asphodel meadows to which Homer's heroes went. But the Greeks said it was better to be the humblest

peasant here than king of Hades. They were more honest with themselves in their belief in a next life than we. Life yonder to them had an inferior degree of reality. Imagination, not faith, was the organ with which it was apprehended. The substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen were more psychologically adjusted to the power of a wish to confirm the reality of its own creation. It was a product of the Tarn-Kappe, or wishing cap, of the race, which it puts on Sundays, while the wearer strives to reach a hallucinatory degree of certitude and argues that it is intolerable if he cannot have what he so much wishes, and that if immortality is denied his very nature is a lie, and the great Autos which evolved everything is false. But if the consensus *omnium gentium* really failed here, the world would be morally bankrupt no more for denying this aspiration than for denying us many other universal desires, e. g. to live as long as we want to. Is not the phobia of death greater than that of the extinction of the soul?

What, then, are the factors that have so over-determined the hope-wish of personal immortality (which of course may be true, for we are not dealing here at all with the question of fact but with the psychological factors involved in the belief itself)?

I. These are, *first*, the desire to be remembered and esteemed by survivors. We make and keep graves attractive, as we wish our own treated, and the soul abhors the thought of speedy oblivion somewhat as it does extinction. We wish our surviving acquaintances not only to think of us but to think well of us. This desire to live in their kindly and grateful remembrance is only one kind of immortality cult. How satisfying this is to both those who die and those who live is seen in the fact that in Confucian lands ancestor worship vicariates for faith in personal immortality. The saint might not exchange his hope of Heaven for the certainty that in due time he would be canonized, or perhaps the scientist might not for the assurance that he will be perpetuated in marble or bronze or stand in some temple of fame. Yet would not this mundane in some degree compensate for the loss of celestial perpetuation? Would a fervent believer, however devout and full of piety, not feel at least some degree of compensation for not finding his name in the book of life if he knew it was to be inscribed among the forty immortals of some academy? Studies of the dying show that in their last conscious moments they are prone to turn to and dwell on their friends here far more than

they do on anything or person in the next world, believers though they be. The enshrinement they chiefly want is in the thoughts and feelings of those they leave behind. Conversely, too, those who die alone, friendless, among strangers, or with the execration of survivors, cling the more to the rehabilitation that death itself, to say nothing of another life, will bring them. Thus these two have no small degree of compensating or inverse relationship. We may go still farther on the basis of questionnaire data as I interpret them, and say that the believer who is assured of Heaven would anticipate less enjoyment in it if he knew that all about him thought him doomed to Hell, or even if they all believed in extinction. We want survivors to think we are enjoying the very best the universe can provide for its favorites because in that case living friends will think more highly of us, that we have obtained the diploma of the cosmos. We are in and worthy of a place in the world's highest social aristocracy beyond the Styx. Our blood is heavenly ichor. We have stood the great test and graduated *summa cum laude* from the terrestrial curriculum. If we were early Christians we should begin to put on airs and affect the manners of Heaven here and gloat over and inflame our ego by contemplating the non-elect or lost, as if to get all the greatest possible satisfaction out of this relation by anticipation, for of that at least we can be sure. Thus the sanctified soul striving to impress its own evaluation of itself upon even lost sinners, unlike the ancient sage who would prefer that people denied that he ever existed than to think him bad, prefers to be hated rather than to be forgotten. Thus, in fine, if all knew that they and all their good deeds would never fade from the memory of a grateful group of survivors and their descendants, they would feel the conviction of a continued conscious personal existence beyond the grave a little paler, for they would lose one of its preforming determinants and reinforcements. Therefore those concerned to keep alive the faith and hope of another life yonder should foster any agency that assures them that all who die be not forgotten, but be kept tender and green in memory. Here, again, is a pedagogic theme but little worked, e. g., the value of funeral services, eulogies, commemorations, and all forms of memory perpetuation. There should be those who sum up effectively the good lessons and meanings of every life when it closes, as a kind of mundane judgment day, that no good influence be lost and no warning fail of having its due effect,—a court of the dead to pass impartially upon each life as it sets out to sea. The

moral educative effect of the installation of such a new culture institution would be incalculable. As we censor books, test for eugenic marriage, etc., so if all knew that at their death a supreme and impartial tribunal would pass upon their lives in the interests of the common weal, at say a certain limit of time, even if the verdicts were secretly filed save for a few or even for another generation, or given only to those who had most right and need to know, then ethical culture would make a great advance. The fear of death, instead of wasting itself in abortive ways, would be set to work for the normalization of lives. The judgment of our friends when we pass away would turn to great efficiency the instincts of love, gratitude and appreciation.

II. The *second* mundane surrogate for transcendental immortality is doing things that will affect those who survive us here or the perpetuation of our own will and works whether or not we be personally remembered. We write last wills and testaments, erect buildings, establish organizations, start movements, write books, create works of art, invent, transform the face of nature. In all these fields of human effort, one partial motive, which may be more conscious or more instinctive in all degrees, is the impulse to be a power in determining the lives of those who come after, even though we are unknown. All in all, this is less selfish than the former wish to be remembered, and though an egoistic element is often present, it tends to merge into a disinterested desire to make a part of the world better in some way for our having lived in it, whether we are known or not. Sometimes, indeed, anonymity is striven for and the individuality of the benefactor is hidden. The phobia here is that we may have lived for naught. Here the idea of God as an all-discerner who sees merit and vice and rewards or punishes in secret cooperates. Yet such secret service to the race, with no conception of any knowledge or compensation here or hereafter, has a unique charm of its own. Scientific discoveries and beneficent inventions have been given freely to all without any personal benefit in return or even without a personal label. True love sometimes lavishes every opportunity and joy upon its object with no stipulation of gratitude or even recognition in return. The possession of wealth compels attention to this field of the *immortality of influence*. Unlike the beggar, the multimillionaire must forecast if he would try to shape the future, and an endower and philanthropist, even if he attaches his name to a benefaction, is predominantly

concerned for the good of mankind through the ages to come and knows well that he will be forgotten or will abide only as a name. Jubal invented music and wandered afar, until in his old age he came back and found a great festival in honor of his art and his name, but could not identify himself and was cast out as an imposter. "Jubal's fame and art filled all the sky as Jubal lonely laid him down to die," happy because he had done the race great service. To love and serve man is far higher than to love and serve God. We can do nothing for Him save in this way, and He needs and accepts no help from us save thus. Men come and go, but influence and institutions go on forever, and those who start them share all their mundane deathlessness long after they are forgotten. The cup of cold water illustrates the ideal of the gentleman and lady born and bred, best attested by the desire that others be happy and not that they themselves shine, be aggrandized or have pleasure. This is the most ideal conduct and appeals most strongly of all things to the two great and ultimate standards of conduct, viz., honor and the approving conscience, and as we achieve this we belong to the order of the immortals and have triumphed over death. Desjardins, the founder of the order of the new life, says in substance that never are we so impelled to snap our fingers in the face of death and despite all his pomp and terror defy him to do his worst to our body or soul as when we have just performed some such act of pure but passionate devotion to duty. Then only we truly feel that no evil can befall a good man living or dead for this is a cosmos that is moral to the core.

III. The *third* killer of the death fear is children and posterity. To die childless, knowing that in us heredity, that began with the amoeba and has come down in an unbroken line, dies, sharpens the sting of death, while on the other hand, to have many well born and well reared children to rise up and call us blessed is one of the best antidotes to its baleful psychic virus. In general every animal, man included, lives as long after the age of maximal power to propagate, as its offspring require to become mature, so that the prolongation of infancy means the prolongation of old age. The first and foremost duty to mankind is to transmit the sacred torch of life undimmed, and to give the maximal impulse and right direction to the nature and nurture of offspring, and effectiveness in this is the best test of every human institution. The true parent lives not only for but in his children, is the ancestor of their souls as well as of their body, and even his

belief in a future life is good or bad according as it affects this. We may feel this life incomplete, unfinished, in need of a supplement, because possibilities are unrealized, but we shall not feel this so much if we have children, while the dread of the inevitable hour is as a kind of second or dual death for the childless because not only they but their line dies out in them. Yet on the other hand, they have less ties and so less to lose, especially if they have not loved and been loved, even if they feel that they have in a sense lived in vain. What parent was ever so world-weary, so ardent a believer in postmortem joys, that he would not rather live on here and see his children's children thrive than to go hence? Such have no time to develop morbid fears of Lethe's waters, and in the great peace beyond they perhaps expect to find their chief joy in contemplating the fortunes of the fruit of their loins on earth. We have seen how real death thoughts begin with the life of sex, and when the latter, if it has been normal and happy, comes to an end, death has already begun, and we are advancing deeper into the shades of the dark valley, so that there is already less to lose. Normal senescence is more poised, cool, contemplative, and as the end draws nearer, life means less, and so the thought of it loses force and expectation makes less demands on immortality, so that death is less tragic and less inconsolable and even such wish-born, or semi-poetic views as reincarnation or eternal recurrence, loosen their hold.

IV. As to the good old doctrine of personal immortality, we cannot escape the great law that the next life is inversely as this. When men are wretched here the future becomes a refuge, and it grows not only actual but attractive, and conversely when this life is rich and abounding, the next world fails. No Christian age really was ever so heedless of the latter as our own. It has in most intelligent, prosperous women, and especially men, lapsed to little more than a mere convention, a trope or fetish of an effete orthodoxy, and hell is for most of us only a nightmare of the past, a childish fear phantom. Our actual *modus vivendi* is as if another life did not exist and death were the end. No priesthood can longer make man content with misery in the hope of compensation hereafter. All now make the most of this life as all they are sure of on the principle of one life at a time and this one now, save only in crises of great emotional stress that stir up the ancient foundations of our psychic life. Or when they modulate over into some secondary personality

that a religious thought or Sunday brings, that turns their thoughts to the future for the nonce, they have for the most part only the flicker of a hope that death is not the end. This at least is pragmatic. Yet extinction is very black by contrast, in proportion as life here is bright, happy, absorbing. Thus the death-dread is in some respects growing intense and yet it is being banished from consciousness. The only attractiveness about it is that it is rest and peace. Our tropes of it are more and more borrowed from sleep. We dread the act of dying and refuse to indulge hope or fear beyond, and now that this may be made and often is painless, we conceive it as only the negation of life, so that if it never was more dreadful than now there was never more diversion from its closer envisagement or more resignation to it. Though most suppressed, it never was so potent a factor in governing conduct of life. We nurse ourselves into maximum of health by every known method, wish to intensify and prolong our lives, make our wills constantly if we have property. We take a chance at saving our souls in church, although it remains bad form to discuss such matters seriously. The million childless homes in this country bring death nearer, as does the hypertrophy of the sex function, and the dread of the diseases that attend it, that have poisoned the arrows of love. But the real treasure of the soul is more and more laid up in this world and the growing phobia of death, which is the ultimate and most generic of all phobias, has had so many and effective psychotherapies in the past that there are doubtless more to come, although some of the old ones seem passing. If this tremendous power is not checked, who can conceive the many uses to which it can yet be put, serving useful ends in the world's work?

All depends on how rich, full of present joy and future hope, life is. Even a little physical malaise, disappointment, discouragement, ennui, the death of a friend, makes us, as we saw above, a little less alert in our precautions against accidents, a little more likely to catch an infectious disease or a cold, or to succumb to an illness, a little more reckless in our diet, sleep, personal hygiene and regimen generally, more prone to take risks because, unconscious though it be, life seems a little less worth living. Many supposed suicides are not so at all but are only accidents due to a temporary reduction of normal care and caution, which may be caused by the most transient, slight and partial depression. True, great sudden joy may make us temporarily careless and so may unusual absorption, but many have died prematurely

from mere inadvertence simply because they momentarily lost heart and their vital spirits sank a few points on the scale of euphoria, though still remaining far above zero. Every pain checks, if ever so little, the momentum of the will to live, and every reduction of it below its maximum or superlative degree slightly augments the chance of death. On the other hand, when this is at its optimum or flood tide, man is wonderfully immune and recuperative from every kind of injury, body and soul, and the higher up on the hedonic scale he lives, the more impossible it is to fear or even think of death. Every new, legitimate, higher pleasure, therefore, is a life preserver and prolonger. When Calicot, perhaps the best type of a clown, was asked how he wished to die he said, "Breaking a blood vessel in a fit of inextinguishable laughter would be the ideal way." "If," he added, "I had to be executed and could choose my own way, I would prefer to be tickled to death." Others have said in the consummating act of love. Few develop any very definite ideas of how they would prefer to die and of those who do so, few would choose such a mode of exit, but on the above view it is plain that to dwell much upon it is a bad sign, for it shows the sinking of our mercurial vital spirits below the limit of normality. Since our business here is to live and not to die, mental hygiene consists in keeping high up on the vital scale, staying always as near as possible to the top of our condition, being able to answer the most universal of all questions, how we feel, with an unctuous "Very well indeed, I thank you," and not with a tedious portrayal of dysphoriac symptoms. If we keep up the grand old fashion of prayer, it should not be on the agnostic pattern, "Oh, God, if there is a God, save my soul, if I have a soul, and if there is any salvation," nor like the beggar's plea, "Oh, Lord, give me something good, and all that is best, although I deserve nothing but the worst," as though we had a pull with the Divine; but rather, "Keep me always as far from death and the fear of it, which is the *summum malum*, as possible," for that is on this interpretation the *summum bonum*.

As to the *relations of these four immortalities*, nominal, influential, plasmal and orthodox to each other, new and profound as the problems are, geneticism already has a few insights into the dynamics of the great racial soul which lives, moves, and has its being in us, but which is more concealed and masked behind consciousness than revealed in it. The fact is that either may in some sense vicariate for any or all of the others. (A) He who is chiefly intent on perpetuating

his name, is gratifying the deeper instinct far transcending the limits of his own personal life. To know that his name will be remembered may have atoning and consoling power enough, even to make up for the absence of posterity or for the conviction that death means extinction; while conversely the prospect of death in utter obscurity and of being completely forgotten tends to reinforce one or all of the other three immortalities. Were we to rehabilitate hell in a modern sense, one of its horrors would be a sentence of summary oblivion even to our friends: "Let his name be forever taboo from mention or even memory." Yet most of us will, some sooner, some later, fall under this sentence, despite pathetic efforts to cut our names deep upon the most durable gravestone or to affix them to great institutions as founders or donors, or even on the title pages of our books.

(B) As to anonymous influence, that we are all sure of in a sense, for every life makes some durable contribution. The physical and social worlds are certain to be eternally different, even though infinitesimally so, for our having lived. Our very physical life leaves its swerves in the distribution and direction of matter and motion, and in even this poets and sentimentalists like, e. g., Richard Jeffreys, have found gratifying vents for the instinct of perpetuity in the thought that his body would at least be a compost and would not be buried so deep that the roots of vegetation that grows on the grave could not reach it. In the social field we have endless illustrations where service involves more or less self-immolation. A case in point is a woman I know who, having long led a most disinterested and self-sacrificing life, was told that God, who knew all her merits, would reward her in the next world. She replied that she never had any convictions or interests in another life and had been too busy doing good to think about it. If another life was in the order of things it would be all right, but if annihilation was the law, that too would be just as welcome, for she had found her pay in the deepening satisfaction each day's work brought to her. She had no children and wanted no outer recognition but was supremely content to know that her good deeds registered in others' lives would follow her, and nothing else really counted in her scheme of life. The point is that in other ages or environments her instinct for doing good might have found its chief expression in either of the other forms. Again, criminology shows us that some perverted souls commit in secret the most colossal crimes from the same *Geltungs* pro-

pensity. Because they cannot be potent for good they make themselves so for evil. Anonymity is not unknown, even in science, although far rarer than in philosophy and religion. Many an epitaph is written only on the hearts of those who never know their benefactors. Here too belongs the strange passion of pseudonymity in authorship in the earlier Christian centuries, in which the writer sacrificed personality to his cause, which he felt to be infinitely greater than himself. What we call environment in the largest sense, and much of civilization, great institutions like Catholicism, etc., are made up in no small degree of influences originated by those whose names no history or *acta sanctorum* has preserved, but which would never have started without this deep *este perpetuum Anlage* in the soul.

(C) As to plasmal immortality, who knows how much of both the above impulsions was not ultimately motivated, could we only know their deeper genetic roots, by the original momentum of the instinct to make the world better for posterity? If so, they also are now broken erratic trends, forgetful of their source, which is the nest-building instinct, so irradiated and sublimated as to have lost orientation both of their origin and their goal. The first constructions in the animal world were nidifications. The first property consisted of food accumulations for self and for young. The first animal societies were either for mutative or stirpicultural ends. The first and chief examples of self-sacrifice were made for the young. Everything in this world is good that squares with the function of parenthood, broadly and genetically conceived, and all is bad that contravenes it. Psychotherapy is slowly leading us to the astonishing new insight that aberrations of the life-transmitting and young-rearing propensities are the chief root of about all mental and nervous abnormalities and that the rectification of this function has marvelous therapeutic efficacy. The race is immortal, at least backwards to the first protozoan and indefinitely beyond, and so in the future our race is at least immortable to the cosmic end. If we are the tips of the twigs of a vast buried tree, these twigs may become themselves roots of a yet greater one, and a true superman may be born in the line of any of us. Thus perhaps all the other immortalities have their chief dynamogeny in the instincts of parenthood.

(D) As to the venerable doctrine of personal immortality, of course it was selfishness transcendentalized to subordinate every other goal of life to ensuring our own happiness in a

post-mortem and perdurable world, and one has only contempt for the squalid ascetic who made his life poor, mean, ignorant, unsocial, with the prime aim of saving his own soul. This doctrine, crude as have been most of its forms, is now coming to stand forth, however, in a new light. It was an ugly cyst or cast that enclosed and sheltered through hard and dark ages a precious and beauteous thing. As now revealed by analysis, it simply expressed in a crude form man's ineluctable conviction that his own earthly life was insignificant compared with its larger meanings and possibilities. It taught subordination of the individual to the larger whole, toward which it gave him a correct *Einstellung*. The close attachment of this doctrine to the ego was incorrect, but necessary from the standpoint of race-pedagogy. The transcendentality it ascribed to the larger self was also inevitable because that was the only way in which the greater life of the race soul could be described or comprehended. Even if it is a fact, it is far more important as a symbol of the larger, higher life that is accessible to all who seek it earnestly enough. It was eloquent of the higher powers of man, even though its temporal perspective was awry. It stored up and conserved the psychic promise and potency which is now again flowing over by transfer to the other vents of the immortality-instinct. It did not say all it meant or as it meant it, but nevertheless it was a pragmatic masterpiece like all the greater creations of the folk-soul. It went home straight from the soul of the race to that of the individual, and if it over-stressed individuation for a time, that too was needful in its day. Had man not so long or so intensively believed in the great work of saving souls for the next world, he would now be less effective in saving them in and from the evils of this world. Had he not so cherished the conviction of a future heaven he would have lost much of the momentum and psychic energy of soul that now strives to transform this world into a paradise by bearing and rearing the most and best children to inhabit it. Thus far, at least, we are getting new glimpses into the laws of the transposition of psychic trends into their kinetic equivalents under many different forms, but with a persistence of content.

The second law at which we thus arrive is that if either one of at least the first three immortalities is excessive or defective each of the others suffers more or less arrest or perversion and that the hypertrophy of either dwarfs and stunts the others. We must also add that insufficiency of the fourth form of the conviction also results in loss or error in

the others. The doctrine of personal immortality has still a very important rôle to play for children and adolescents. Pedagogy is now sufficiently advanced (greatly helped out, to be sure, by pragmatism, which is nothing less than the pedagogization of truth), so that we may boldly affirm that the highest truest truth is that which works best rather than that which satisfies the criteria of abstract logical reason. Hence we may plead that this doctrine is an educational necessity and should be inculcated to the young irrespective of the creed or scientific belief of their elders. It is also a therapeutic truth and fact, and to doubt the above principle now is only another illustration of the sad fact that cultivated adults in this country have unprecedently lost touch with youth. This is connected with the deterioration of the higher instincts of parenthood. For geneticism personal immortality will remain, as it was for Kant, a postulate of practical reason. It is not only a power-house for energizing the other immortalities but a very present help in regulating the lives of the young at just that stage when feeling and impulse are at their freshest and strongest, although least understood and most in need of idealization. Thus genetically nothing is more certain and with the abstract validity of the concept the psychologist is not concerned but leaves whatever view the reader may hold untouched.

V. There is a *fifth* immortality, more apart, and uncorrelated with the others, that is motivated by the call and the lure of the infinitesimal elements which science now finds at the basis of the universe. The atoms of Dalton are now known to be very complex, each, in Oliver Lodge's phrase, being a planetary system of unimaginable minute corpuscles, one one-thousandth the mass of an atom of hydrogen, and if they are solely electrical "their size must be one millionth of the linear dimensions of an atom." Their size, he adds, is to an atom like that of a dot at the end of a period of print to a large theatre. Their different groupings and motions constitute the chemical elements, so that matter is dynamic and the universe is at bottom not some unknown hypothetical protyle, but the familiar electrical charge. Thus he says inorganic matter may contain some germs of the thought that is in man and mind. Matter is fecund, always producing organic forms and thus electrons, the basis of all, as is revealed by the study of radium, in the cathode rays, have given us a most attractive new conception of the roots of the universe. Mezes too conceives one mother substance

essentially active and homogeneous of mind, thus freeing us from the hopelessness of dualism and giving a monistic view. "Nowhere is utter death to be found," but there is an unbroken gradation "from the corporative union of electrons in an atom up to the aggregation of men in society and possibly further still." On this view death is not only non-existent but inconceivable. Larger, more complex and temporary aggregations are reduced to the simpler and more perdurable ones from which man has developed. Matter is not dead but far more intensely active than mind, so that this is a dynamic or spiritual universe, and the student of the ultimate constitution of matter is, little as he suspects, studying immortality or the basis from which all the orders of animate nature arose and into which they will all be resolved. So lawful and continuous are all these processes that the new physics and chemistry are really investigating death and the future state. True, our loftily and totteringly unstable consciousness and even our brains have a less direct sense of the processes that underly all their activities than even of the activities of the digestive processes or of the phagocytes. While we deem evolution upward there is another sense in which it is a fall or a series of departures from more durable simple and elemental processes, so that the gain is not all one way, and katabolism has its own attractions. If all the effects of my life ultimately leave the electrons that compose me different in themselves or in their relations to each other from what they would otherwise have been, this too is a certain form of survival which may come to afford not only consolation but positive satisfaction. Even if my life is only a temporary swerve or a transient eddy in the great current of dynamic energy, my ego shares all its eternal persistence, so that although inconceivably changed, I am without end, as I am without beginning. All stages and processes of death are but the loosening of associations from the most complex downward. The disintegration of our elements into those of the larger whole is a harvest home to the cosmos from which we arose, with perhaps increase and not decrease of the sum total of good, although disposed of automatically instead of egoistically determined. This unselfing or fusing into all we flow from is the direction which love, whether of man, woman, the race, animals or nature itself, as well as every subordination of self to others and the world, inclines us. In those in whom the last vestige of self-love is eliminated the nisus of self-sacrifice has fully attained its goal. The world is still far from seeking this ideal but every abate-

ment of the old zest for a personal future state is because the consciousness of civilized man is being slowly swept on by deep phylogenetic tides of which our poor psychology as yet knows little. Should such a conception of the end of man ever become general, it would probably be surprising how many of our present religious phrases, litanies, eschatological tropes and symbols, would remain and be filled to overflowing with new fresh meanings. The religious instinct has always been vastly wiser than it knew. Such a view of course will spread very slowly and can hardly be expected to pervade the masses. Hence we must continue to cherish as sacred even for ourselves as long as they have any vestige of moral, emotional or other value, and still more for the young and the less advanced in insight, every ancient mode of considering man's immortal longings and every argument, simile and analogy, not only because these make for righteousness as they are and as man is, but because they are all true so far as they go, that is, they are in the right direction. Their defect is only that of half truths, incapable of containing all the pregnant burden of the new dispensation. Thus if at death the psyche is disintegrated as much as the body is, and the dissolution goes down to molecules, atoms or basal forms of energetics, it is not absolute. The difference is like that between the mountains and the sea level when compared with that from the surface of the earth to its center. In this world of elements nothing is lost. What we have called matter is, as Hering and Semon have told us, memory, and despite the dissociations of death our individual experience and personality may leave immortal marks in some *materia prima*. The world beyond is like an ocean to an ant accustomed only to its ant-hill but floating out to sea on a straw. We do not dread sleep; why not welcome the great rest? When we pass to the subconscious it is vaster than the conscious as biology is greater than psychology, folk lore than philosophy. We want to feel the elemental forces and powers that are not ours, to be inundated with a strength not our own, to fall back to everlasting arms. Back of Christianity is another meta-Christian, meta-human religion in the love of nature, and old men ought to grow more interested first in animals, then in plants, then in the inanimate world. This view of course harks back to pantheism, to Spinoza's conception of death as merging into the absolute substance and relates Ostwald and Parmenides. It is a modern form of the Indic absorption cult, as revised by science. We are now coming to the belief, if we follow the Durkheim school, that

all primitive people had a premonition of it and that back of fetishism we shall always find *maria* cults. This general vein or trend of soul also reinforces Wordsworthian conceptions of childhood and is in sympathetic rapport with all emanation theories as well as with Om cults, which for upright upward gazing men, addressing the sky as "Our father in heaven" is only a vastated navel gazing orientation toward the source of things. Schleiermacher's conception of religion as a feeling of absolute dependence, which he considered in his "*Reden*" as pure pantheism, he sought to use as a source of personal consolation to the young widow of his dear friend, the young preacher Ehrenfried von Willich. When in her first hours of bereavement she poured out the whole passion and tumult of her soul to Schleiermacher, full of pathos and of the naïve sense that her dear one still lived, loved, and awaited her in the unseen, saying that in the grasp of her sorrow she could not possibly feel that all the past would go for nothing and that his soul would be resolved back and melted into the great all and never come to recognition again, he replied that this sense of melting away should bring her no grief for it was merging into the highest life in the divine whole to which we belong; it was merely putting away the pretensions that we set up for ourselves as if we could be our own. "If he is now living in God and you love him eternally in God as you loved and knew God in him, can you think of anything sublimer or more glorious? Is not this the highest end of love, in comparison with which everything that clings only to the personal life and arises thence is nothing?" Mailänder, who held that a divine being died in giving birth to this world, and that all its processes point ultimately to Nirvana or are forces of self-destruction, since everything is traveling the road to death, held that the desire for it was the universal motive and that we are unconsciously seeking death in all we do or say. Man must dominate the world by knowledge in order to be able to enjoy the prospect of annihilation and to obtain the full will to die. We must indeed be resolving ourselves back into primal energy, which is nothing only in the sense that it cannot be defined, the absolute of his "negative eudaimonism." Renan said, "We shall live again only by the traces we leave on the bosom of the infinite" and that, hard as it now is, highly cultivated minds will rise to find consolation in the thought of merging in the all. Meyer-Denfey says that no part of the soul can be lost any more than can any element of the body, and that our actions leave traces on the absolute "so much the deeper

as our life has been fuller." The new Nirvana or immortality of Metchnikoff is "the reunion of the atoms of the individual with the life of the whole of humanity and through that of the cosmos" and only by directing our thoughts habitually along this line can we overcome the fear of death.

A variant of this view, represented by James, Myers, Schiller and other psychic researchers, is the view that premises a higher pre-existent absolute mind behind the conscious and phenomenal world. It may be a sense of a world soul that permeates and percolates ours. Schiller in his "Riddles of the Sphinx" thinks that matter limits and regulates its activity. Brute brains transmit but little and are in lethargy, while men with higher organisms transmit more as in somnambulism. This view is like Schelling's that so-called dead matter is the sleeping plant world, that animals and men are still more highly potentialized, and that conversely as we go down the scale of existence mind becomes more and more extinct. Nature is visible mind, and mind is invisible nature. The evolutionary series are stages that the absolute mind produces in developing its own self-consciousness and imaging itself, which is the goal of creation. For Schelling mind and nature were at root identical, but Schiller is more dualistic and regards the body as "a mechanism for inhibiting consciousness, for preventing the full power of the ego from being actualized." He says we must explain the lower by the higher and not conversely, that during life we must drink the cup of Lethe, so that "with our brains we are able to forget." Myers held that the normal human mind is in rapport or direct contact or continuous with a larger consciousness of unknown scope. This connection, however, was below the threshold of our consciousness, which is high. So far as this larger soul finds expression in us, we call it our subliminal self. Thus materialism is refuted, for the brain does not produce or secrete thought but obstructs it like a bad conductor, so that when the thought currents of the great Autos pass, the nerve glow, phosphorescence or incandescence caused by the resistance of the brain is what appears to our fragmentary subliminal mind as consciousness. So too James thinks thought a transmissive function of the brain. "Our brains are thin, half transparent places in the veil" through which the great life of soul "breaks into this world in all sorts of restricted forms." In some brain states the barrier is greater and in others less resistant, as when a flood of spiritual energy pours forth. The brain state may vary independently and the supernal current with it. The stream of

consciousness may even be shut off for the latter is not generated *de novo* in many places but pre-exists behind the scenes. Thus we have a changing threshold and a variable permeability and willingness to reveal the influx from the great ocean of mind. At death these currents revert to their sources and personal identity seems to require the persistence or at least some of the same restrictive conditions and limitations. But here James stops with characteristic abruptness before this inference, which is the crux of his entire contention. Instead of a world soul in the background which our brains separate and organize into finite forms, he says there may be only mind stuff pre-existing in minute and disseminated fragments, which our brains mass, concentrate and combine into human souls. On this view the fragmentary soul elements, whether they be combined in a human or even animal ego or not, must also be immortal for the same reasons that we are. We need to be told what are the effects of these combinations, for this view, which ordinary pantheism provides, does not tell us. Again they might be incorporated into higher beings which would be resolved back again into us, on their way to more elemental forms. There is thus a veritable immortality for the elements of which our psychic life is composed and at death we leave behind plastidule, atom or yet more elemental souls in indefinite perspective. If our soul is the mouthpiece of an absolute soul as the word *persona* is often interpreted to imply, inadequate though it be, it is still to those lower more morselized souls somewhat as the divine or absolute mind is to us, and as their voices are absorbed in us, so we are in infinite being. We are bundles, a vinculum or parenthesis of more ultimate elements that precede and will survive us, but we are helping these immortal components on to their own goal, so that the real value of our life is theirs, not ours. This view, however, assumes not a physical but a spiritual and more or less conscious background to the universe. If the subliminal functions are most immortal, dissolution might be desiderated, for organization obscures the ultimate reals and the massing of lower monads involves a larger sum of arrest, so that perhaps our lives really hinder rather than help the work of redemption. As in chemistry the more complex combinations are unstable and tend to disintegrate, so the psychic compounds we cause might persist a while, but the lower and simpler ones will outlast them. The function of our earthly life would then be akin to that of careful breeders, who may leave their permanent mark upon the vegetable and animal species and varieties they have origin-

ated long after they are forgotten. But this conception regards the background of the universe as conscious and death is not lapsing down but up the evolutionary scale. It is idealistic and conceives consciousness as both the muse and the goal, and so in a sense is the opposite of the above scientific view, but like it has close correlations with the older pantheism.

VI. A sixth group of proofs or forms of conceiving and cultivating immortality is inseparable from idealism and goes back to Plato. He found men confused and sought by cross-examination and induction in the psychic field to attain a few fixed ideas that the soul could anchor to in the sophistic flux, minds be thus drawn together and Greece saved from disintegration as the old belief crumbled. His Socratic midwifery brought to birth certain forms and basal concepts, *Begriffe*, which were thought to be the eternal patterns of all things, by participation in which everything became real. These Aristotle and many later writers elaborated and defined as a table of categories or innate ideas. They were also interpreted as *summa genera* or fixed species or types in nature. The strength of these two positions, which Locke and Darwin respectively attacked, goes back to Plato. The species and entities of the scholastics, which underlay even the doctrine of the eucharist and not only nativism and apriorism but all forms of philosophic realism as well as absolutism, metaphysics, ontology, rational transcendentalism, the passion for deducing from presuppositions data elsewhere derived, and the Stoic and Kantian conscience, all rest upon the assumption of definite and abiding norms in nature or mind, which are simple and indecomposable by psychic analysis, and with which all sound thinking starts and stops. Thus the doctrine of ideas has been the key not only to philosophic orthodoxy, but to much of the thought and most of the great controversies of the world. Theologians, Descartes, Spinoza, Fichte, Hegel, mystics, illuminats, rationalists, scientists in their quest for constants and laws of nature, and the codifiers of Roman law—all were inspired by this belief in ultimate and attainable ideas.

Now all noetic theories of immortality agree in holding that it is attained when the intellect intuits or grasps one or more of these ultimate truths and thus partakes or participates in their perdurability. They are so high and abstract that Plato conceives philosophy not merely as the withdrawal from sense and the world toward the solitariness of the absolute, but the active practice of death. They are, as it were, somehow the

inner constitution of the mind of God, to know whom is eternal life. The great bliss and peace of what Aristotle describes and praises as the theoretic life is interpreted as a foretaste of heaven, as indeed the Phaedrus intimated. Thus the love and struggle for true knowledge is the desire for incorporeal existence.

Wordsworth's ode on the intimations of immortality describing in us "truths that wake to perish never," "high instincts before which our mortal nature trembles like a guilty thing surprised," is based upon the doctrine of reminiscence. The soul attains or reaches great and eternal verities; thinks God's thoughts after him; attains the absolute and unconditioned; experiences love, which is felt to be stronger than death; finds a sense of pure autonomous oughtness welling up within itself; comes to consciousness of, e. g., the idea of God or of the greatest, best being; envisages a beauty that is transcending and seems to take the mind above time and space into its pure being; has a vision of the eternal world of categories; attains the *summum genus* of abstraction and generalization under which soul and body, life and death, are alike included. The implication always is that in these transcendental, noetic experiences, the soul outsoars mortality. This occurs either by the subject parasiting onto its object and becoming absorbed in it, thus attaining its perdurability by being lost or swallowed up in the ecstasy of contemplation as if the subject acquired or even became substance in this act in a unique way, or else in these ideas finding conscious bearers as reflectors, containers or co-ordinators for themselves. Sometimes the argument implies that because the soul harbors these great thoughts it thereby itself acquires a new quality of permanence. All these views agree in holding that immortality may at the very least be begun in the present life, and that higher speculation upon the categories, which Hegel declared to be the intimate constitution of God as he was before creation, is an experience of a distinctly supernal or celestial type. Such knowledge is not attained by reason, but is usually revealed in aperçus which cannot be proven by argument, but which carry in themselves their own immediate evidence. The rapt seer cannot demonstrate and often cannot intelligibly impart his mystic insights.

Important as is the rôle of this large class of putative evidences, they must from their very nature always be inconclusive. Knowledge is not a participation in this sense. A being of low order may know one of a high order and be

strongly attracted, but the chasm between subject and object remains unbridged. We know, love, and are perhaps ravished by wealth, beauty and power, but do not thus attain them. The further epistemological assumption that the world of ideas is itself a projection, as idealists assert the world of sense to be, is necessary, and even that colossal postulate would not suffice. If these ideas are *ejects* only, their perdurability is nevertheless forever undemonstrable. On this hypothesis, the mind creates its own saving principles and is in turn saved by these its products. Such a soteriological method is not only indirect, but begs the whole question, which becomes again one of fact. Does or does not such a process occur in our psychic nature? The only possible support for such an hypothesis is the degree of coherence of its own parts with each other and with experience.

Closely connected with this view is that which assumes that because we have the idea or the wish of immortality and because this is so generally implanted in human nature, it is true, or else the latter is a lie. Of this class of proofs the most common are those that urge it because of its practical utility for morality. In the other worldness of the early Christian centuries, when eschatology was more developed than cosmology, fear of hell and hope of heaven did doubtless perform a very important function for virtue, the progress of which was no doubt advanced by these artificial and external supports. But they were given undue weight and were relied on long after their function should have been progressively replaced by the conception of virtue as its own reward. Chateaubriand and even Luther thought that the chief motive of morality would be gone if there be no future life. Andrews Norton held that there could be no religion without it. Even Theodore Parker, emancipated as he was, said in substance, "If I perish in death, I know no law but passion." Chalmers urged that without it, "God is stripped of wisdom, authority and honor." Walt Whitman said, "If rats and maggots end us, then alarum, for we are betrayed." Human nature has been called a lie and God a liar if there is no future life, and those who do not supremely desire it have been called in reality already dead. The supreme effort and tension of many persons and communities has been to escape eternal pain and win eternal bliss, or to save their own egos hereafter. If, says one, our souls do not "hold the latch-string of a new world's wicket, then good-by, put out the lights, ring down the curtain. We have had our turn, and

it is all so nauseating that even suicide is a welcome escape." I have looked over but very few of Alger's¹⁰ five thousand titles, a very incomplete bibliography of the subject even to that date, but have noted quite a list of desperate things that would happen in the world and that individual writers would do and of imprecations on God, his character and the nature of the universe, if this hope were proven false or if the complex net of theories we have flung to the other shore should not hold. All virtues—piety, honor, integrity and civilization itself would perish; men become brutes; God a malign fiend gloating over the unbridled lust and supreme selfishness that would slowly sweep man from the earth. As a boy I once heard a clergyman paint a picture, still vivid in my mind, of the last human survivor of the war of all against all that would break out if it were proven that there were no future life, trying to gratify his three base appetites for slaughter, gormandizing and sex in the last hours of his spent and flickering life. Fear and hope have been powerful motives powerfully appealed to in the constitutions of all the heavens and hells that men have depicted, and have been made very real and present even in our own times. Tupper thought the moon was visible hell waiting to receive the lost; and Isaac Taylor deemed the sun heaven, though a later contemporary theologian has called it hell, adding that its dark spots were the shoals of the damned. Every great comet of the last ten centuries, it is said, has been called hell making its rounds to gather in its victims. These views are even more vivid and modern than those of the old Saxon catechist who pronounced the sun red because it looked on hell, which from Dante to Thompson's dreadful night has been thought to make for virtue just in proportion as it was hot or cold or otherwise terrible. Such views all assume that man is by nature corrupt and kept decent only by reward and suffering. If future pain is not assured, a flood of evil, now held in restraint, would deluge the earth, and if there is no heaven chaos breaks loose as if a great firm were found bankrupt when pay day comes after a long, hard term of reluctant service.

All this rests upon the assumption that a future life is proven because it has developed virtue, and because it is such a persistent belief that, if false, nothing in the soul is to be trusted. Neither of these assumptions has any logical value as proofs. Even the good Bishop Butler argues that men must be prepared to find themselves misled. "Light deceives, why not life?" From childhood to the grave and from

¹⁰ The Doctrine of a Future Life. N. Y., 1860.

savagery to the present, man's history has been one of disillusion and often disenchantment. His mind has been far more fertile in error than in truth. Few of his wants have been satisfied and surely no sage mind would feel secure in arguing from desire to attainment. The impetuous diathesis of the west may grow neurotic as it becomes free, rich and powerful, but it is all unavailing. Again, in the past it has made an immense difference, greater than we can conceive, whether or what races have heard about a future life, but many an illusion has been beneficent, and truth is a very different thing from utility. In view of it all and at this point perhaps more probably than at any other, one may abandon all hope or possibility of proof and base the hope of a future life upon revelation alone, or may go further yet like Bishop Courtney, who tried to refute all proofs of post-mortem existence, declaring that all men died body and soul and were extinguished, but that at some appointed time their spirits were revived and resurrected by the power of God. The other alternative is also familiar. "If our ship never reach port and if there be no haven it becomes us to keep all taut and bright, the sails set, and to maintain discipline." Virtue in and of itself is its own reward, and at the very most nothing else is asked even of the future life than an opportunity for the continuance of virtue.

Another bold attempt to argue from ideas to reality, to make a landfall by conjuring with the ideal content of the soul is Kant's famous argument, viz., reason always seeks the unconditioned. This is its very nature. Hence nothing less than the *summum bonum* will content it. This includes two things, perfection and happiness, the two great desires of all ages. The ancients thought each implied the other. The Hebrews believed that righteousness brought happiness in this world. The Stoics believed the highest joy was implicit in the nature of virtue, while the Epicureans, conversely, held that the highest happiness involved virtue. This does not suffice. The unity between the two must be not analytic, but synthetic and causal. In the very nature of things, each must bring about the other. In the sensible world of fact and experience, this is not so true as it is in the higher intelligible world. They must belong together, and the very conception of immortality is the greatest perfection joined with the greatest happiness. They must be united completely, and whereas in the phenomenal world of life their development and union are only partial, there must be an infinite progression to bring them into complete harmony, because a

being destined for perfection cannot be arrested. If this were not so, there would be no perfect virtue, and so we are immortal because this latter must be possible. On this view too heaven and hell arise and also fade together, so that if now the latter is becoming extinct the former will surely fail. True, the sense of justice, by which we judge life, drama, literature and novels, demands that the good always get their reward and the bad their punishment. This instinct is very deep and underlies law and society, but we have no warrant to say that the universe is built upon this principle. A serio-comic illustration of Kant is found in E. L. Master's "Spoon River Anthology" where the dead in the cemetery of that town sit up and speak, telling the true facts of their lives. One, e. g., says in substance, "My epitaph calls me good; it is a lie. In truth I did and said this, that or the other, so that all was vile." Another says, "They thought me an outcast because I did not hold to creeds I could not understand but in fact I lived for secret charity and exhausted myself working to serve the sick, poor, aged and sinners." Thus all in turn pass a confessional judgment day sentence or encomium upon themselves as if, like Plato's sage, they could not rest in peace without being known for what they really were. But neither the intellectual intuition nor even conscience, on the hedonic narcosis are constitutive principles. Moreover only the western world demands personal immortality, so that the conviction that no evil can befall a good wise or truly ascetic soul, is only a sentiment or at best a postulate. Moreover what are truth, virtue, beauty, and how shall we define or even know them?

VII. A *seventh* group of views, distinct but with more or less affinity to each other, are those that entify the individual soul in the interests, more or less conscious, of immortality. Howison, e. g. ("The Limits of Evolution and Other Essays," New York, 1901, p. 396) makes pluralism absolute by advocating an eternal or metaphysical world of many minds, all self-directive, the items and order of experience of which constitute all real existence, even time and space. At least about everything else is logically implicit in their self-defining consciousness, the recognition of each by the other constituting the moral order. This makes an eternal republic or city of God, who is the "fulfilled type of their mind and the living bond of their union." They control the natural world, are sources of its law, and are free, for their essence is mutual relation. In this world of spirits God is

not solitary and there is room for the freedom of all. The joint movement that we call evolution is transient and can never enter the real world. Creation is not an event with a date but a metaphor. The key of everything is conscience and teleology. This view differs only from Leibnitz's monadology in denying grades and castes in these fulgurations of God. It makes objects in nature the manifestations of mental activity and therefore just as real as they, so the eternal reality of the individual is the supreme fact.

Royce too does not teach a psychology without a soul. Individualities are basal and teleological. They are aspects of the absolute life, therefore have a meaning. But in this present life, much as we strive to know and love individuals, there are no true individuals which our present minds can know or express. As we strive, therefore, to find real others, we realize that all that we know of them is but a system of hints of an individuality not now revealed to us, which cannot be represented by a consciousness that is made up of our own limited experience. Therefore the real individualities which we loyally seek to express get from the absolute viewpoint a final and conscious expression in a life which is conscious, the only life which idealism recognizes, and which in its meaning but not in time and space, is continuous with the fragmentary flickering existence wherein we now see so dimly our relations to God and eternal truth. ("The Conception of Immortality," also "The World and the Individual"). This argument, very dear to and very ably elaborated by its author, is obviously suggested by the Kantian postulate. Is it true in fact, however, that the closest companionship, friendship and even love, do not take us to the real individuality of the objects of these impulsions? Though man has always been gregarious and social, it would seem that this instinct is abortive (if Royce is correct) and also that the reality of such an individuality as he postulates should not be conscious but either transconscious or frankly unconscious. He and Howison well supplement each other.

Miss Calkins in her various writings, although not consciously chiefly intent on proving immortality, belongs clearly in this group. The constant sense of self which she postulates in the teeth of the modern studies of multiple personality, harks back to Descartes, and she seems to the present writer to be a good illustration of Royce's persistent quest for a self that from its very nature can never be proven, a quest which in her has its chief strength, if analytically considered, in the personal satisfaction coming from the subconscious

reinforcement of reading and thinking in maturity as realizations of juvenile stages of development as the mind passed from the theological on to the metaphysical stage and beyond.

C. T. Stockwell ("The Evolution of Immortality"), assuming that all cells have an internal and an external or membranous body, says that the Graafian follicle has a nucleus which reaches a state independent of its follicular body, and which we call an ovum, and has itself an external and an internal distinction of body. Being vitalized by the spermatozoon, it again develops externally as a placentum and internally as an embryo. The former dies when the embryo is born into the present stage of existence, and then we have the germ plasm over against the soma. Is it therefore not reasonable to suppose that our present external bodies possess nuclear bodies that in turn "evolute into forms suitable for external bodies, as we pass on one step more?" In other words, there may be something related to the germ plasm from which the individual sprang, as it is related to the rest of the body. This of course is only analogical reasoning and postulates a fact of which we have no scintilla of evidence. It suggests Shailer, who in his "Study of Life and Death" speaks of the molecular bridge that connects parent and child, which, small as it is, carries the germs of all traits of body and mind, so that in the present life we see the seeds of individualism carried on from one generation to another. "We may therefore see that the most complicated part of life is not that which goes out with the body death but that which is cradled in the infinitesimal molecule that is known to us as the germ of another life evolution." But this view, motivated by the lure of Weismannism, cannot go distinctly beyond it in assuming too great an absoluteness of the individual links in the sequence of heredity. Indeed the author's thinking is not so clear as to warrant discussion.

Edwin Arnold ("Death and Afterwards") simply assumes that the undeveloped cannot know the developed but can only presage it vaguely. He is platonic in assuming that life here is so beautiful that we may "rightly feel betrayed if dysentery or maggots end everything." Our fears may be as ridiculous as those of Don Quixote hanging from a window by the wrist over what he thought was an abyss, but when the thong was cut falling four inches. An authentic and transfiguring Yes, might be pronounced if we could recombine the chemical elements of the man analyzed in the South Kensington Museum into a vigorous youth.

Powell ("Our Heredity from God") thinks nothing can

destroy me but myself, that the flesh does not keep pace and is so left behind, and so escapes the terrible immortality doctrine with its dream of resurrection and judgment. The last utterances of life, which have often been clung to as so precious by survivors, are no more significant than the first cry of a new born babe. Immortality as generally held, he thinks, has produced more mischief than any false creed, for it has made this life seem tame and valueless. If doubt arises it has made man feel like a "plucked eagle shut up in a goosepen." Death is itself at the right time an object of supreme desire, and we should rejoice that God has put it in his program, and sing a love song to it like Walt Whitman.

An anonymous author asks, Why should the soul, the noblest and last goal of evolution, perish and the cosmos throw away its crown? It is the entelechy of all evolution. In general the best survive and only the worst become extinct. The great biologos has wrought from the beginning to give itself an organ to think through and mirror itself, and this momentum of self-preservation is too great to be absolutely arrested at death. So individuality must have absolute worth and be eternized because it is the key to and paragon of existence. It must be an *ens realissimum* because it has cost so much. Democracy too hypertrophies individuality. The Orient knew one was eternal; the middle ages knew that a few were; and the present is thinking that all are so. Our motto is "*Impari progrediamur*" shouted with bravura. Self-conscious life is the highest of all possible categories, the model of all other unities by which they are understood, and not merely a symbol of ultimate reality but the thing itself.

Arguments of this sort are provincial. Man may be a mere microbe on our little dirt ball which the high gods could hardly see if the lentiform Milky Way were the object glass of a celestial microscope. What right have we to think that the cosmos accepts us at our own valuation? The great sphinx has for ages suckled children at its breast, only to destroy them with its claws. And when men die it recks and cares not. As Fechner says, the plant world might say it was supreme and that insects, animals and man lived to manure its seeds. Vegetation preceded, nourishes and might at any time send out bacteria and miasma to clear the world of all animal life. Man is perhaps mean compared with the denizens of other worlds, and even his type, so precious compared to individuals, is worthless and may serve other ends. Despite his decadent but titanic pride and monumental ignorance of himself, and without his self nescience he would be

pessimistic. So tempting to the vengeance of the gods is his *hubris* or pride that to be disappointed about another life serves him right. The great saurians were once the highest creatures and seemed the pets of nature and the goal of all, but although their period was far longer than man's, they have passed. So perhaps the superman will sometime quarry and explore trace by trace the evidences of a human biped representing our own stage of existence, and modern man will be classified in a tongue yet unborn. Are we really nearer any ultimate goal than was the amphioxus? Man may thus be a link, which will sometime be missing, toward higher beings, more perhaps like Martians or Sirians, or denizens of the other twenty million visible stars. What right have we to assume anything so sacrosanct and fetchingly irresistible in the human type that the great Goodheart will never seek to evolve anything better, but accept us as a stereotype of finality? Such a supposition is pathetic in its naïve simplicity, and man as a race ought to rejoice that he can serve even infinitesimally some greater purpose.

S. D. McConnell revives a somewhat patristic idea that man is by nature mortal but is also immortal and can attain another life by piety and knowledge, as of old the Eucharist developed the potentiality of eternal life, or as the infant is a man, only dynamically. Man may become indestructible by a higher process of biogenesis. John Fiske said, "at some period in the evolution of humanity this divine spark may have acquired sufficient concentration and steadiness to survive the wreck of material form and endure forever." To be deified by righteousness would be a fit climax. This life is a period of probation or gestation in a new sense. Thus too hell is obsolete and the bad die, so that the great choice is between continuation and extinction. Those who desire a future life have the strongest motive to virtue, while others have only mundane motivations for good. Some crude prelusions of this were found among the Tauists who held that "the grosser elements of man's nature may be refined away and immortality attained even in this world." This could be done by an elixir of life, the desire to discover which, a century or more before Christ, became a national craze. So-called pills of immortality, taken in connection with certain rites and regimen, like alchemy which could make gold of baser metals, would purge away mortal elements and transfiguration and elevation might result, even for animals. (See e. g. H. A. Giles' "China and the Chinese," p. 143 et seq.). But where do we draw the line between the mortal and im-

mortal, for this may be as far above as the Tauists thought it was below us. May our posterity come naturally sometime to inherit what we now have to work out so painfully? Is man alone finishable? In fact, should not every stage of life, as we say of childhood, have its chief value for its own sake and be lived out fully, instead of being subordinated to a higher one? Surely the time has passed when we want an education that consists in prescribing just how the soul shall best moult the body. No doubt a moiety of our race to-day would hesitate before going in for a culture the chief end of which was to survive death. In many quarters it is now bad form to even discuss such questions because the world is becoming, in the phrase of Osler, Laodicean, indifferent or even agnostic, and leaves passionate affirmations of a future life, so in fashion in the days of Tennyson and Browning, to mystics or clerical rhapsodists, pectoralists or those steeped in cardiac emotions.¹¹

VIII. An *eighth* and final group of views challenges the generality or the strength of the desire for another life. From a questionnaire of the Psychic Research Society it was found that very many did not feel it of urgent importance, did not wish to know for certain about it, and many did not desire it, although a few, like Huxley, would prefer hell "if the

¹¹ Plato's proof is manifold. In the *Phaedrus* it is based on the spontaneity and power of self-motion of the soul. In the *Timaeus* it is because the soul is the *chef d'œuvre* of the world, so wondrous and beautiful that the gods would not let it die. In the *Phaedrus* it is the struggle for knowledge which is the impulse to progress to ever more general ideas, so that the philosopher is simply in love with and practising death. Again, it must be immortal because no sin or evil can kill it. Again, the fact that all that live die must have a correlate or opposite, viz., that all the dead live, or as Cebes puts it, the latter is a necessary postulate to the idea of life. The soul too is simple and therefore undecomposable like ideas. Again, it is a harmony. The doctrine of reminiscence by which, *e. g.*, the slave boy Meno evolved the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid from his own mind, is perhaps to-day psychologically the most important, for when the idea of Karma or successive reincarnations, transmigrations and pre-existence was dropped, a support to the belief in and hope for a future no less important analytically than the doctrine of hell was lost. This trend expressed philosophically in Descartes' theory that animals were automata and now in the view that psychology has no domain outside consciousness, has had much to do in devitalizing the old type of belief, has made resurrection more like belief in the fourth dimension. The elimination of the above perspective, which has enabled a little group of psychologists, despite evolution, to keep each other in countenance in ignoring the unbroken genetic development of the soul, has hindered a greatly needed rehabilitation of belief in immortality.

conditions were not too rigorous," to annihilation. Metchnikoff has stressed this attitude. He finds in man's nature many and great discords and maladjustments with his environment. Many of his rudimentary organs reach their apex of development before birth; others decline in infancy and youth; some culminate in adolescence; others are in their prime in old age, and function hours after death. So man is a bundle of anachronisms, with organs and traits old and young, moribund and nascent, some relics or vestiges of the past and others buds. So man grows old and dies at whatever age with a majority of his faculties, while a minority demand more and longer life. In his relations to the world too there are discords. Instead of being a paragon, man is perhaps a fluke or sport of the anthropoid apes, preyed on by fears that his forbears knew not, and even at four-score cut off in the flower of his days, robbed of a score or two of years that ought to be his best, for most deaths are gruesome executions by microbes, or accidents, or hereditary handicaps. His soul is haunted by a submerged reminiscence of the immortality of his primeval unicellular ancestors, which divided forever, never died, and left no cadaverous elements. Man wishes to maximize himself, know, be, do, get all things; but in fact he must renounce most that he wants, school himself in resignation, make the best of defeat, and perhaps await nothing after this life. His sex nature is abnormal and both its indulgence and its restraint bring strain and worry and rarely is it successfully sublimated. Man is always attempting things beyond his power, not befitting his estate. He has built himself many a paradise here and yonder but all have faded. Schools hold the most opposite views on the supreme problems of man's destiny, purpose and good, which are really unknowable. Unlike the beasts, man has lost his hygienic and dietetic instinct or conscience, so that he has little sense of food or drink that is wholesome. He knows more than he can practise, so that there is a chasm between intellect and will. His conscience is often morbid and consciousness is not remedial as it should be. His life and mind are built on the foundations of a childhood far older, and instincts more sane and stable, so that his maturity is shot through with faults and flaws and what he calls his personality is little unified and liable to break up into constellations breaking out of their orbits under the stress of ancient impulsions, so that his self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control are only iridescent dreams. If we ask what should he do we can only say he may rejoice that at length he has

begun to know himself and to strip off his delusions about himself, and accept what science tells him. He must realize that his self-consciousness is a false god, fallible, partial, by no means the oracle he deemed it. It is a thing of shreds and patches, extemporized, accidental, transient, like the Experience he has so deified, and to deduce self-knowledge from the present moment is simply a very partial aspect of learning more about his unconscious reflexes and instincts, which have their being deep down below the threshold but which from their submerged depths rule his life. The only true knowledge of man is genetic, for the strongest elements of his being are precisely those that strike their roots deepest into the past and lowest down the scale of life. The true explanation of most that he does, thinks or feels can only be found in the immemorial antiquity of the race. What we call normal consciousness is not unlike the deposits of the recent quaternary age and we must penetrate below it, stratum by stratum; study every outcrop of the older formations, every denudation caused by disease, every psychic fossile of tics, obsessions, whims; use every anatomical clue, every hint from comparative psychology, disease, crime, and every rudimentary organ of body or soul, for we can find the only true knowledge of anything in the complete and accurate description of all its developmental stages. We must eliminate prejudice and especially beware of the very wide and subtle influences of the conceptions of an entified soul and a future life which make us so sharp for all that favors it and so dull to every negation. In fact, this lust for a future life has been so unconscious that it has pervaded and perverted man's whole endeavor to know himself. It would leave a vast void to evict all due to this bias, although of course we admit that curiosity about a future life has been a potent motive of investigation, which has prompted the assembling of many data which would not otherwise have been studied. We must nevertheless discard all scientific conclusions that are vitiated by the passion for immortality, and study man with new impartiality. In view of all this man's desire for a future life has been reduced to a very low ebb, for it is far less worth living for than our conceit of ourselves had supposed. But the fear of death and the forms of its mitigation are chiefly because man still dies so young. If we lived to an old age, not of Methuselic or even of Metschnikoffian span, and died symmetrically, not part by part, but with every organ and function ripe for death at the same time; if we knew senescence as fully as adolescence, we should find that gradually the lust for life

would be supplanted by an equally strong and counter-will to die. Perhaps we should come in the end to seek death actively, like the Wandering Jew or as we now seek life, going forth to meet it joyously as the supremest of all blessings. In such a case, we should have no immortality mania, for we should be satisfied with life here without desiring a sequel to it. The dreams of all forms of postmortem existence would be a nightmare. True macrobiotism means not only more years, but completeness of experience and absence of repression and limitation. Had we lived through the whole *comédie humaine*, drank all the draughts of bitter and sweet that ever were or could be brewed for man, we should feel toward all life under all conditions somewhat as we now feel when asked if we desire to go back and live our lives over again exactly as before in a kind of Nietzschean eternal recurrence. We need not shrivel up with age to a point and then vanish as we began before even the germinal cell from which we sprang was, but all the cells of our soma would drift by specialization so far away from the immortal germ plasm and also from each other that disintegration would be functional atavism with every bond of union lost. These of course are mere conjectures, but the fact remains that man is now cut off in his prime prematurely with much, perhaps most that he best thought is possible in life unrealized. Hence he is a pathetic creature doomed to a kind of Herodian slaughter, and he has always consciously felt this and so has ever cried out to the gods and to nature to have mercy. He has imagined answers to the heart-rending appeal which he shouted into the void and on this warrant he has supplemented this by another life which, when psychoanalysed in all its processes, means only that he has a sense that the human race is unfinished and that the best is yet to come. And so it is. Man's future on this earth is the real, only and gloriously sufficient fulfilment of this hope in the prolonged and enriched life of posterity here. The man of the future will realize all desires and live himself completely out so that nothing essentially human will be foreign to his own personal experience. The wish for a belief in immortality is thus at bottom the best of all possible augurs and pledges that man as he exists to-day is only the beginning of what he is to be and do, or the pigmied or embryo of his true self. Thus, when he is completed and has finished all that is now only begun in him, heavens, hells, gods and discarnate ghosts, all will fade like dream fabrics or shadows before the rising sun. All doctrines of another life are thus but symbols and tropes in mythic terms of the

superman as he will be upon this earth. The great hope so many have lived and died in will be fulfilled, every jot and tittle of it, not in their own lives, but in the perfect man, whose heralds they really were without knowing it. Death bed visions will come true more gloriously than the dying thought. They died hungering for more life. The perfect man will die of satiety, passing over into aversion. The story will not be continued in a later number but completed in this.

Is *there any true thanatophilia*, the opposite of both thanatophobia and of the general love of life? Does the most complete and harmonious life bring not merely the quest for death, like that of Ahashuerus, as a way of escape, but an active striving toward Nirvana such as the Buddhists affirm? Will man ever come to love to observe the approach of death in himself and in others, just as we love to observe and study growth? Tortay, who lived to be 185, Parr who lived to be 152, Dretenerg who lived to be 146, the philosopher Renouvier who at 80 while reconciled philosophically to death dreaded it because, as he quaintly said, he had been so long in the habit of living, or the 150 centenarians who die in France each year, do not show it. If we live 200 years as Haller thought we should, or even 100 as Buffon and Flourens thought more fit, or if, as Irving Fisher thinks, hygiene has increased the average length of life among the prudent fifteen years, would the love of life tend to pass over to an ambivalent love of death? Of course the superannuated who feel themselves a burden or those in anguish do love it as a refuge, but this is not in point. Is not true euthanasia simply exhaustion and passive resignation or rather a simple surcease of the momentum of the will to live longer here or hereafter, simply because the lust to live has been satisfied to the saturation point? It is perhaps true that if all were cut off in their prime like Jesus another life would be vastly more desired and believed in. But a single case of ideally completed senescence terminated in a truly natural death, is yet to be demonstrated, and hence we lack final and scientific data by which to answer this question. Psychogenetically it is certain that the old lust for personal immortality has made man more anxious to prolong and enlarge this mundane life. The great and good things he expected beyond he now strives to attain here. He awaits more, not less, in this life because he expected so much of the other. Thus the old belief in immortality is one of the chief analytic roots of modern hygiene, although the question whether it can all go over into orthobiosis must remain open.

The study of *old age* (gerontology) seems destined to be no less important for both science and life than child study has proven. Also, as science is prolonging life, senescence looms up and must all the more be understood, and the revision of not only the scientific but popular views that have prevailed from Aristotle and Cicero down to Huefeland impends. Thanks to investigators like Minot, Jennings, Conklin and others, there is a very general, if vague, biological consensus which regards old age as a retardation of the rate of growth. The percentage rate of growth is greatest in infancy or rather in the very early foetal stages, and declines rapidly all the way to maturity. Thus decline in the rate of cell division is relatively greatest very early in life. Hence the younger the child or even the embryo, back almost to impregnation, the faster it is growing old. The child thus grows old by leaps and bounds while the old man grows old far more slowly. The most vital parts, too, keep on dividing forever, like the protozoa, hundreds of generations of which (twenty-five hundred by Woodruff) have been actually traced. In other more somatic and less germ-plasmal cells the divisions are reduced and changes more adapted to the environment. This specialization goes with death which has been slowly acquired and with very great advantage to the species, as Claparede thinks sleep was acquired, with a similar rejuvenative benefit. Thus every adjustment or every further step along lines of ontogenetic development, primarily serviceable to the individual, is gerontic. Vice versa also somewhat more special causes of age and death have been found, e. g. in the growing preponderance of katabolism over anabolism; in the accumulation of waste products which obstruct or poison; in the increase in size and function of the cell body relatively to the nucleus (as we see in fatigue, an adjustment which sleep rectifies); in the hyperactivity of phagocytes, whether as devouring higher and more vital elements or pressing against them; in Muhlmann's fatty granulation, which he found in various tissues; in deficient supply of blood and oxygen (as Nothnagel [*"Das Sterben,"* 1908] who observed himself clinically almost up to his death) held, believing that the ultimate cause of death was lack of blood or oxygen, i. e. smotheration or dessication; to calcification of arteries and other tissues; to malfunction of the thyroid, adrenals, sex or other glands; to the development and over function of the large intestine (in which chiefly Strassburger tells us twenty-eight million million bacteria, most of them wild and dangerous fauna, are produced daily); to strain, worry and anxiety, etc.

For most of these partial theories therapies, more or less definite, have been suggested, as if the old instinct that motivated a quest for an elixir of life or a fountain of youth still persisted. Hence we have Brown-Sequard's Testicular Extract, and preparations from other glands, Pohl's Spermine, Metchnikoff's Lactic Tablets, Gerochomy, the many cytotoxic serums in which the blood of animals is utilized to develop specifics against special diseases, the many chemical substances that experimental pharmacology is trying out, large doses of which kill while small ones have the power to stimulate specific functions, etc. Loeb and others have sought to show that instead of the normal stimulus to the ovum caused by the entrance of the spermatozoon which impels the whole growth process, chemicals applied to the ovum can cause the same processes of cell division to begin parthenogenetically, although they cannot bring the ontogenetic process to a finish or produce the mature adult. If old age ends in death as an unfertilized ovum does, we have thus a fresh suggestion as to how the former may sometime be prolonged if not rejuvenated by special treatment.